Jester's Picnic.

Authors are asking with looks of surprise why the Edinburgh Review has wanted the manliness to acknowledge the gross error it has fallen into respecting Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit." The error was one of more than the usual magnitude, and the entire refutation of it made by Mr. Dickens was made in his own name and in his own paper. This case reminds us of an anecdote of Douglas Jerrold.

"I wonder what Ottley means," said Dickens to him at the club one night, "the Chronicle used at one time to lay the praise on me as thick as butter, but now, there's nothing but abuse."

Jerrold coolly said, "He thinks you're a pig, and he's cooking you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, good cooks always butter a pig well before they baste him."

In the village of Censaucey, in the Jura, a wolf was caught in a snare, which caused a deal of excitement and some joy. The wolf, after being led through the village, was brought to a solemn conclave before the church, when the people discussed the best mode of punishment. As a matter of course they disagreed.

"Let us hang him by the paws!"

"Let us drown him!"

"Let us beat him to death!"

"Let us burn him alive!"

"No," said a peasant, who was very unhappy in his domestic relations, "Let us marry him!"

A ludicrous incident took place in the Junction Hotel, Lafayette, upon the arrival of a train from Indianapolis. A gentleman and lady, inspired with sudden recognition, were observed to rush frantically into each other's arms, and the fun of it was, that, after a hearty embrace, they discovered that both "had the advantage." They were strangers, but the lady, mistaking him for her "dear cousin Charlie," had embraced him, while he, with a half defined recollection of having seen her before, went in lemons and "got squeezed." Their mutual embarrassment on the discovery can well be imagined.

A physician being called to a young lady who was indisposed, wished to feel her pulse, at which, blushing with that false shame which is almost an infallible token of the want of true modesty, and apparently dreading that the doctor should touch her naked arm, she drew down the sleeve of her gown close to her hand. The physician perceiving this, took up the flap of his coat, and entirely covering his own hand, while he affected to feel her pulse—

"A linen pulse, miss," said he, "should have a woolen doctor."

Wanted to Find—A Lost Wife.—In the columns of the Albany Times we find the following advertisement, which we copy *verbatim*, free from charge:

$3 REWARD The above Reward will be paid to whoever will cause the return to me of my wife Mary. She is of middle size, light complexioned, freckles on face, short hair, trimmed behind, and wears beau-catchers. Is about 15 years of age, and of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops. WM. SNOW,
cor. of Lodge and Maiden.

There is nothing funnier in Cockney vernacular than Jeames' letter, when he is in doubt about which to prefer of his two lady loves, Mary Hann and Hangelina. He writes:

"There they stood together, them two young women. I don't know which is the handsomest. I coodnt help comparing them; and I coodnt help comparing myself to a certain hannimle I've read of, that found it diffickit to make a choice betwigst 2 bundles of A."

An eminent *savant* was introduced at an evening party to a rather pert young lady.

"O, Mr. ——," she said, "I am delighted to meet you; I have long wished to see you."

"Well," said the man of science, "and pray what do you think of me, now that you have seen me?"

"You may be very clever," was the answer, "but you are nothing to look at."

A wretch of a husband, coming home at one o'clock in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is Never too Late to Mend.*"

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said elder weasel, "but enter into partnership."

"Very good," said weasel the younger.

So taking the egg between them, each sucks the either end.

"My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

RATHER DEEP.

Cousin—Charlie! just fancy what people are saying!

Captain Charlie—Well, Georgie!

Cousin—That—that—you and I are going—a—a—to be married!

Charlie (with presence of mind)—A—never mind, Georgie—we know better—we are not so foolish!

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant, kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her: "Betsy, thee had better quit peeping, or *thee* will cause a disturbance in the family."

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. *Don't be afraid of it.*"

"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit."

An Eastern paper apologizes for several errors which crept into that paper during the sickness and absence of the editor. The following is one:

"Rev. James H. Brent, in an able article on education, was made to violate grammar and decency by speaking of the common people as 'them asses.' It is due to him to say that he wrote it 'the masses.'"

Man proposes, Woman disposes.—If you wish to propose, do it in person. Never make a proposal in writing. Your letter gives the lady time to "turn it over," and to look at the question you are "popping" to her on all sides. Besides, it is wrong to suppose that women can be taken, as London omnibuses are, "by correspondence."

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was "one of the few. Such a jewel of a Christian—you cannot find his equal, you well know."

To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart; "I'll bet I will!"

Hugo Arnott was one day while panting with the asthma looking out of his window, and was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters. Said he:

"That extravagant fellow has wasted in two seconds as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Napoleon sent for Fouche one day, in a great rage, and told him that he was not fit to be at the head of the police, and that he was quite ignorant of what was passing.

"Pardon me, sire," said Fouche, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket."

Napoleon changed his mind, and kept his minister.

We laughed, somewhat, a few days ago, at the reply of a fellow who had long been familiar with "building materials," to a zealous temperance man, who was exhorting him to quit drink.

"It's no use, Charley—It's no use. I shall keep on drinkin' till me or whiskey *is a corpse.*"

A traveller, relating the wonderful sights he had seen, among other wonders, said that he had seen a cane in South America more than a mile in length. The company were startled.

"Pray, what kind of a cane could that be?"

"It was a hurricane," said he.

At a trial last week a sexton, who had taken part at a marriage, was one of the witnesses.

"Well," said the counsel, "I thought your duty was to bury people, and not to marry them."

"Certainly," said the sexton; "but we must first have a population before we can bury them."

An Irish woman who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the childer."

A down-east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to South Hadley and freedom to man!"

A young English gentleman has recently enlisted in the army, giving as a cause, a "step-mother and three servants."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

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THE SCOUT:
—OR,—
THE YOUNG DRAGOON.
A TALE OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

BY EDWARDS KEELER OLMSTED.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXI.—[CONTINUED.]

The cry of the young girl was most unexpectedly answered. The door burst open and a young British officer rushed in, pale and wan, but with resolution depicted on his handsome features. At the first glance Agnes bent on the young man, disappointment mingled with expectation, as she recognized the hated and dreaded scarlet uniform, and she feared that the presence of a third person would only add to her troubles. This fear was increased and intensified when a second glance showed the new-comer to be no other than Lieutenant Arbuckle, from whose persecutions she had already suffered. She looked from one to the other of the officers in an agony of terror and uncertainty.

Hawkins spoke first.

"To what, let me ask you, Lieutenant Arbuckle, am I indebted for the honor of this unannounced visit?"

"I heard the cry of a woman in distress—that is sufficient warrant for my appearance."

The tone and the look re-assured Agnes.

"And pray, sir," pursued Hawkins, "how long is it since you have become a champion of rustic beauties—the protector of rebels' daughters?"

"Ever since a heavy domestic affliction opened my eyes to the claims of honor and duty. My brother's death has changed, instantly, miraculously, my whole nature."

"A miracle indeed!"

Arbuckle continued, without noticing the sneer. "I loved my brother dearly—though Heaven knows there were circumstances to draw us apart. I was wild and truant ever—left the old hall to make my way with the sword—and my mother ceased to recognize me—and called her elder born 'her only son.' Still I loved him—and when I saw his dead body brought into camp, I became from that moment a changed man."

"I congratulate you," said Hawkins, sneeringly, "on your conversion."

"Permit me," said Arbuckle, respectfully addressing Agnes, "to ask you, if you are here voluntarily?"

"I was decoyed hither," said Agnes, indignantly. "And by your fellow-officer."

"Then, Miss Barnes, I will have the honor to escort you home."

"Not without my consent!" cried Hawkins. "Unhand the girl," he added, seeing the lieutenant take the hand of Agnes—"she is mine by the laws of war."

"I have said, sir," said Arbuckle, sternly, "that this young lady is under my protection. Do you accept me for an escort, Miss Barnes?"

"With gratitude," replied Agnes.

"Then she goes with me!" said Arbuckle.

"She stays with me!" cried Hawkins.

"That remains to be seen!" replied Arbuckle, and he instantly unsheathed his sword.

Hawkins's weapon flashed in the air at the same instant. Agnes would have fled from the hut at the drawing of the swords, but Hawkins had barred her passage to the door and escape was impossible, until the issue of the combat now engaged in was decided. So she stood spellbound and transfixed while the bright swords crossed each other like intertwining serpents.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The combatants were equally matched in strength and skill, but the advantage of temper was on the side of the champion of Agnes. His antagonist was furious and inveterate, and fought with that blind fury which soon exhausts and weakens even the most practised swordsman. On the other hand, Arbuckle contented himself at first with acting strictly on the defensive. Whenever an opportunity presented itself he neglected to take advantage of it. More than once in the early part of the combat, Hawkins laid himself open, and a quick thrust might have ended his existence. But the generosity of his antagonist, as often as this occurred, spared him the fatal consequences. This coolness of Arbuckle only exasperated his enemy yet more, but he soon found that his blind fury was unavailing. Then he changed his tactics. His extensions and thrusts became more guarded, and he watched every motion of his enemy with the eye of a lynx. Once, after several minutes' fighting, Arbuckle was not sufficiently prompt in recovering from a lunge he had made, and quick as lightning his adversary retorted with a time-thrust that would have proved fatal, had not the young soldier sprung backwards with a bound. As it was, the sharp steel of his enemy grazed his ribs and drew blood, inflicting at the same time, a poignant pang. Henceforth, it was evident Arbuckle must fight for his life. He accepted the necessity, and while a glow of indignation warmed his veins, fought on more warily than ever.

THE DUEL IN THE WILLOW GLEN.

Agnes, the constrained spectator of this fearful duel, and the innocent cause of it, watched its vicissitudes with an interest amounting to agony. She prayed not for the death but for the defeat of the oppressor.

The regular clashing of the swords went on, and the crazy hut shook with the stamps of the combatants as they advanced or retreated, lunged or parried. At last Arbuckle's sword tasted blood. It was a slight wound, but acted on his enemy like a spur on a wild horse. He redoubled his fury, evidently showing that nothing short of the death of his antagonist would now satisfy him. He hazarded desperate thrusts, careless of exposing himself to retaliatory lunges. But it did not appear even then that Arbuckle meditated anything more than to humble the pride of his brother officer, and teach him a salutary lesson. Watching his opportunity, he coiled his blade around his adversary's, and with a dexterous twist sent it whirling through the air. The next moment, he shortened his own weapon, as if with the purpose of running his antagonist through the body. But Agnes sprang forward—her woman's heart melting at the helplessness and danger of her persecutor.

"O, spare him!" she cried to the victor. "Spare his life—I entreat, I implore you."

"You hear her!" said Arbuckle. "You hear that poor girl plead for your life. Let it call a blush to your cheek."

"Murder me, if you choose, but do not insult me," retorted Hawkins.

"Insult you!" cried Arbuckle, sheathing his sword; "it would be impossible to insult such as you." And he turned upon his heel.

"Come, lady," said he, gently to Agnes, "let me conduct you to your house."

Agnes cheerfully accepted the offer, and they left the scene of combat.

On the way she poured out her fervent thanks to the young officer.

"You will have no further trouble," said the young man. "To-morrow we break up our camp and march."

"But," said Agnes, "what a terrible scene is to be enacted first! You will leave desolation and horror behind you. Is there no way to save my brother's life?"

"None," replied the young soldier, sorrowfully. "Unless Providence enacts a miracle."

"Can you do nothing?"

"Nothing—I have attempted to turn Simcoe from his purpose—but he is inflexible."

"Then Heaven have mercy on us all!" cried Agnes, bursting into tears.

"Amen!" said the young officer. "Your brother's fate is a hard one—but it is common in this dreadful business in which we are engaged—war between men of kindred blood. O, that it were over, and peace again restored to both shores of the Atlantic."

Agnes could not reply for sobbing—and it was in this frame of mind the young soldier, deeply moved, took leave of her at the door of her house.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SISTER'S STRATAGEM.

The first part of the night following David's trial and sentence, his sister spent in unavailing tears. She had been able to obtain only the briefest interview with her brother, and that only in presence of the sentinel, having first also to undergo the indignity of being seached, to see that she did not conceal some weapon or instrument to assist the prisoner in escaping. David himself had also been searched and everything taken from him, even to a small pen-knife; the single window of his room had been securely grated, and not a single movable article was allowed to remain, save a bare straw bed thrown upon the floor. A hole was also cut through the panel of the door, so that all the motions of the prisoner could be observed without his guard running any risk of being desperately set upon and overpowered; and thus every possible precaution seemed to have been taken against the possibility of an escape. The young soldier, as he noted the meshes gradually drawn around him, searched his brain in vain for an expedient to elude the vigilant precautions of his enemies, and finally threw himself upon his miserable couch, with the resolution of meeting his inevitable fate like a man and a soldier.

Agnes, too, saw all the hopelessness of her brother's case, yet after unavailingly seeking the refreshment and temporary relief of sleep, she at last gave up the attempt, and, rising from her couch lighted a candle, and sat down sadly by her bedside. For awhile she sat in deep thought, and then she suddenly arose and went to another apartment, where she opened an old chest, and took out one after another, articles of various descriptions. With noiseless footsteps she then glided elsewhere, collecting something or other at each step—finally, returning to her room, and going vigorously to work with scissors, needle and thread, which mysterious operation she continued until the gray dawn paled the light of her candle. Then she effectually concealed the materials of her labor between the covers of her bed, and with pale, sad features, and heavy heart, set about the odious duty of preparing the morning meal for those who were to be her brother's executioners.

The weary day passed without any incident beyond another and single affecting interview between the brother and sister, a visit from the prisoner's decrepid mother, who painfully struggled up stairs to bid a last farewell to her son, and a short interview at the same time with Charles, the younger brother.

When night came, the morning of which was to dawn upon the execution, as soon as Agnes could release herself from other duties, she quietly called her younger brother into her room, and proceeded to exhibit to him the labors of the previous night, accompanying the exhibition with a low and earnest monologue, to which Charles listened as if he were all ears. He responded only by nods and eager looks, and sat down to assist his sister in her labors. It was clear that something unusual was on foot, and it was easy to understand that spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, her woman's wit had struck out some stratagem by which she hoped to save her brother's life. Till near twelve o'clock the two kept industriously and silently at work, moving from their stations only to procure some needed article, and speaking seldom. Finally, they appeared to have finished their job satisfactorily, and Agnes arose to look out of the window, first extinguishing her light.

A thunder storm had arisen, accompanied with wind—a fact which Agnes congratulated her brother upon as she turned from the window and sighed.

"Now then, Charlie," she exclaimed, under her breath, "courage, and we may save him!"

The sentinel was sitting at his post in the large and gloomy attic room, leaning his back against the prisoner's door. A small, dim light was burning near him, but the chamber was only thoroughly illuminated when there came some vivid flash of lightning, which afterward rendered it dimmer than before. The black, unplastered rafters frowned glumly down at the ineffectual rays of the soldier's light, and even his own shadow stretched across the floor defied its power. A high-posted, dark-curtained bed, in one corner was in shadow, and the wind moaned through a broken pane near it, and rustled the curtains, while the casement rattled and shook, the rain pattered heavily on the roof, and the thunder pealed, muttered and rumbled now exactly overhead, and now far away. It was a scene to excite wakefulness, and the soldier's eyes and ears were keenly awake to all the phenomena of the hour.

A dead silence reigned in the prisoner's room, and amid the war of the elements there appeared no sign of human life. A momentary quiet enabled the sentinel to hear the clock below striking twelve. The last chime had no sooner died away, when a deep groan issued from the region of the bed!

The soldier started with superstitious fear, and listened with high-strung nerves for a repetition of the sound. In a moment it came again, and this time it sounded so dismally, that it sent a cold chill to the listener's heart. He raised himself to his feet, and screwed his courage up to approach the bed. Fearfully pushing aside the curtains, and bringing his light to bear, he peeped in, and saw the fingers of a hand just appearing out of the bed clothes. He seized it roughly, when to his astonishment *it came off at the shoulder, and dripped blood upon the sheets,* feeling, besides, so cold and clammy, that he dropped it in terror, and fled hastily back to his post. He had no sooner regained it than a large, black cat, its eyes flaming fire, appeared from a distant part of the room, ran rapidly towards him, darted between his legs, and plunged with lightning rapidity down the stairs. He sent a curse after that object, but the exclamation was no sooner out of his mouth, than the groaning began again, and then a hissing sound came from another quarter. Following that, a dark, hairy object like a large ball, with a fiery eye in the centre, rolled across the chamber, and disappeared under the bed. Distracted with superstitious terrors, the soldier did not know which way to turn, but finally he hastily unlocked the door of David's room, dodged inside, and attempted to awake the prisoner. He, however, slept so soundly as to resist his efforts, and hearing a new noise outside, the affrighted soldier ran to secure the door. A new and still stranger sight now riveted his terror stricken gaze. In the farther part of the chamber were two objects of a frightful appearance, furiously dancing with the most uncouth figures and capers, to what seemed the rattling of bones. One of the objects was a large, shaggy figure, seeming to have but one leg, claws instead of hands, a short, stumpy tail, horns, and a savage-looking row of grinning teeth; and one of his long arms encircled a slight, slender figure, draped in a shroud, and with a fleshless, bare, and grinning skull in place of a head, while the other hand, or claw, grasped the clammy but bleeding arm which the soldier had pulled from the bed. They kept dancing away with might and main, not seeming to notice the affrighted sentinel; and he, with more of terror than of any other motive, seized and snapped his musket at the apparitions. It did not go off, but the dancing instantly ceased, and the dark figure turned and hurled the bleeding arm at the sentinel's head, while the other glided toward him with outstretched arms, as if to invite him to join in the dance.

"God have mercy on me! this is a masquerade of fiends!" exclaimed the terrified soldier, dropping his musket, and plunging for the stairs with the hurry of desperate fear. He was instantly pursued by the dark figure, the latter recovering and brandishing the bloody arm, just as David, at last awakened, and surprised to find the door open, was raising himself up to see what was going on. The other figure instantly tore off the death's head, rushed into the prisoner's room, and Agnes appeared to her astonished brother's gaze.

"Fly for your life, David—the west lower window is open—take that, and then the woods. Lose not a moment—fly! fly!" she exclaimed in agitated and rapid tones.

Instantly comprehending that the situation was arranged for him by his devoted sister, he leaped from his couch, down the passage, and darted through the window without encountering opposition or discovery. The storm still continued, but this favored his flight, and thoroughly master of the ground, he gained the spot where he had been concealed a few days previous, without exciting an alarm.

By this time, however, the house was all aroused, and the sentinel, hastily procuring the countenance of some of his fellows, hurried back to ensure the security of his prisoner. Meeting with no more supernatural manifestations, they entered the room in which David had been confined, the sentinel in his hurry stumbling over the discarded skull which had been the disguise of the heroic maiden; and imagine his consternation when he found his bird had flown!

The soldiers cursed and swore, and commenced searching the outer chamber; but beyond the skull, and the spots of blood upon the bed and floor, not a thing out of place or unusual was visible. Agnes had followed her brother's footsteps down stairs, and hastily thrusting her ghostly habiliments in a sure place of concealment previously provided, had fled to her own room, and got into bed as if she had had no part in the transaction; her impish companion had disappeared altogether.

Colonel Simcoe now appeared, and being told the story, in incoherent words, ordered the alarm to be raised outside, while a strict watch should be kept to see that the prisoner did not escape, if he were still within the house. These injunctions obeyed, a vigorous search was instituted about all the rooms, not even excepting the apartment of Agnes, without success.

Colonel Simcoe questioned Agnes if she knew anything about the occurrence, but she affected total ignorance with such admirable presence of mind, that the colonel was forced to appear satisfied, at least. Then calling the delinquent sentinel to him again, he caused him to repeat the story of the supernatural visitations, and so forth.

In spite of his irritation, Colonel Simcoe could not help laughing, and declaring that the author of the artifice had displayed ingenuity and skill enough to entitle him to success.

"But you, fellow, must have been drunk, and a fool besides—what was such a stupid blockhead put upon the watch for! Mind, sirrah, you shall taste the lash for this to-morrow—I've a mind to hang you in place of your prisoner!"

The colonel then retired again grumbling, and morning dawned without any trace of the fugitive being found. The camp was, however, broken up as intended, and before noon the whole regiment was marching, to the sound of drum and fife, on their retreat to New York. We say the whole regiment; but one officer was obliged

to follow after, with a ball in his side from the unerring pistol of De Lancey.

The sentinel received a sound flogging, but nevertheless remained convinced that he had seen fiends the night before, and solemnly affirmed that he would not pass another night in the haunted house, to be made a general.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Returned a second time from the field of private combat, Captain De Lancey was barely risen on the following morning, and was engaged in the operations of his toilet, when Lieutenant Barnes, still panting with the fatigue of his long run, entered his apartment, and stood before his astonished eyes.

"My dear fellow, is this yourself or your ghost?" exclaimed the captain, eagerly grasping the lieutenant's hand, and squeezing it with unusual fervor.

"I should had been a ghost before this, if Colonel Simcoe had had his way," returned Barnes. "But you see I've slipped out of his fingers."

"I'll have a hundred guns fired! How did you manage it?"

"I don't know exactly, myself—it was the work of Agnes, though, I believe."

"That girl will never cease doing the most splendid things! She's a perfect heroine—an angel—a—what shall I call her, lieutenant?"

"She's a noble girl, no doubt of that—I owe it to her that I am not dangling at the end of a rope this morning."

"My dear fellow, if she refuses to have me, I'll kill myself! There isn't another such a girl in all the colonies, nor in the mother country, either, I'll venture to swear."

"My dear captain, I hope you will have all the success you wish for."

"Can you encourage me?"

"I can't tell."

"When will those red-coated rascals leave that house? Barnes, I wouldn't mind being a prisoner again, if I could be confined there!"

"They strike their tents to-day."

"No! Then I shall enter the door as they go out the yard. Lieutenant, let's ride over at once."

"The enemy will hardly have moved by the time we should get there. I've no notion of putting my neck in the noose again."

"I wouldn't have you for the world. But we can keep out of sight—we can reconnoitre at a distance, you know, and be ready to come down the moment the coast is clear. I have it! I'll get permission to take my company to watch the enemy's motions and hang on their rear."

"That might do."

"Of course it will. I suppose my breakfast is waiting, but never mind that. Sit down and refresh yourself, Barnes—I'm off to see the general."

Accordingly, De Lancey hastily slipped on his regimentals, and repaired at once to Washington's quarters. He was gone but a little while, and returned in a fever of pleasure. Half out of breath, he exclaimed the moment he entered the apartment:

"I've only anticipated the general's orders, lieutenant—we are to set off in half an hour. Give me joy!"

Immediately the note of preparation was sounded—the clanking of sabres, the mounting of horses, the hurried roll-call, the cheering and rapid word of command—and full five minutes before the half hour expired, the gallant troop were in full gallop down the road. De Lancey was quite too eager to allow the ordinary jogging pace of cavalry on the march, and the distance was gone over so rapidly, that they came in sight of the hill commanding a view of the British encampment long before their columns had begun to form. They immediately discovered that since the late skirmish, a small picket of the enemy had been established on this spot. De Lancey immediately ordered a charge, which was made with such impetuosity, that the picket was driven in in confusion; and then the patriots returned and took up their station upon the hill, eagerly watching the movements within the enemy's camp. A small body of enemy's cavalry soon issued forth and rode leisurely in De Lancey's direction, but they halted some distance off, and did not seem disposed to show fight; and accordingly the hostile bodies remained in armed neutrality until the British columns, followed by their baggage were all formed and marching gaily down the road towards New York. The opposing corps of horse, however, evinced no disposition to move; and De Lancey, chafing with impatience, finally gave the order to advance. At the same moment the British horse wheeled and retreated, followed by the patriots; and De Lancey reined up and dismounted at the gate of the old stone house, before the last royalist soldier was out of sight.

Agnes was standing in the door, her face beaming with pleasure at the relief experienced from the enemy's departure and the sight of her rescued brother. As he approached, along with De Lancey, she gave the former a passionate greeting, and bowed with some little embarrassment to his companion. De Lancey responded by doffing his hat, and bowing as if to a lady with all the blood of the Howards; and then advancing a step he respectfully but gallantly extended his hand.

"You must not treat me as a stranger, Miss Barnes—Agnes, I hope you will permit me to call you, since you have made that name so famous."

The young maiden blushed slightly, but gave her hand cordially; and the young soldier could not help giving it an impression which made her blush again.

"I am but a simple country maiden, Captain De Lancey—you may call me Agnes, if you like."

"It should be written in letters of gold—recorded in history—and—be the motto of a soldier!" responded the young soldier, gallantly and enthusiastically.

"I know what flattery is, Captain De Lancey, it's not for a simple girl like me to hear."

"If I flatter may I never speak a word again! No, Miss Barnes—Agnes—my esteem for you is so high that I dare not tell you half of it."

Agnes blushed even to her forehead; and the lieutenant interfered.

"Wait a bit, captain—walk into the house; there's Blake eyeing you very curiously."

"Blake be —" the captain was about to utter a harsh word, but checked himself with a deprecating glance at Agnes. "Well, we will go in."

The young maiden led the way into the parlor, apologizing for its appearance in consequence of its having been converted into a barrack; and the trio seated themselves while Agnes, in response to her brother's interrogatories explained the manner in which she and her younger brother had frightened away the British sentinel, and given David an opportunity to escape. De Lancey gazed in the meanwhile with enhanced admiration upon the face of the fair speaker, and both he and the lieutenant were enthusiastic in their expressions of praise of her courage, ingenuity and devotion, while they could not help laughing also at her ludicrous description of that soldier's fright.

"He might have shot you if he had been less terrified—I wonder he did not as it was," interrupted De Lancey.

"I managed to wet the priming of his gun beforehand," quietly responded Agnes, which rejoinder excited new ejaculations from her auditors.

The lieutenant now rose with the design of assisting his friend to the undisturbed interview with his sister, that he knew the other was longing for; and pleading as an excuse that he had not seen his poor mother for a long time, left the apartment.

Now there cannot be very much that is new to any, either of our lady or gentlemen readers, in a declaration of love. Most of us, past the first few years of our "teens," have had some little experiences of that sort; and for those who have not, there have been a thousand passionate lovers as brave as De Lancey, as beautiful and heroic as Agnes, who have loved in prose and rhyme, in sight of all succeeding generations. There is passionate, earnest protestation and entreaty, blushing, shrinking, but listening modesty; vows of love and faith told over and over again—sighs and tears often perhaps—but finally the priceless word or gesture of assent—the sealing kiss, and the first fond, long, dear embrace. Our time and space will not permit us to indicate even the variations upon the old often-told story, for we must rapidly hasten to the conclusion of our tale.

A long time passed before Captain De Lancey and Agnes parted, but when that circumstance did occur, the gallant captain appeared with a joyous and excited mien, and the young maiden with her face suffused, and her bright eyes modestly downcast. De Lancey immediately drew the lieutenant out of doors, and walked with him silently a little aside, until they gained a spot where they could freely converse. Then the young soldier, unable to restrain himself any longer, eagerly grasped his companion's hand and enthusiastically burst forth:

"Lieutenant, I'm the happiest man alive! I wouldn't take a throne for what I've got. She is mine, Barnes—she is mine!"

"I congratulate you with all my heart," responded his companion, warmly returning the pressure of his hand.

"I feel so much like a boy, that I can hardly keep from blubbering! And yet I could fight a regiment now, too—*that* regiment, at any rate." The captain pointed in the direction of the retiring royalists.

"She'll make you a good wife, captain, you may be sure of that."

"O, I'll take your word for any amount on that score. There's not a man in the colonies who will have a lovelier one. I don't deserve such happiness."

"If she and I think so, that ought to be enough, captain."

"It's all her goodness. But I had hard work to get her consent, after all."

"How? why?"

"She insisted that I ought to wait till I knew her better—that it wasn't maidenly for her to be wooed so suddenly, and all that sort of thing. But I conquered at last, and it's a victory such as I never shall win with my sword."

In this enthusiastic strain, the young soldier continued to pour his excited feelings into the willing and gratified ear of his future brother-in-law, until Agnes herself appeared to call them to a hastily got up dinner. De Lancey eagerly obeyed, and frequently during the meal produced deprecating glances from his betrothed, for his excited manners and speeches.

* * * * *

The above line of stars indicates the passage of a certain number—only a few—weeks.

In the meantime stirring political events had taken place, but the campaign of the season was over, and both the British and the American armies had gone into winter quarters.

Poor Blake had also fallen mortally wounded in the battle of White Plains, Lieutenant Barnes earned a captaincy, and Captain De Lancey a majorship in the same action. But the story no longer runs on "feats of broil and battle." We pipe a softer measure for the unmartial victories of love.

There was a gay and happy bridal party in the Old Stone House. The heroic but still gentle Agnes was there, in neat and tasteful, but simple bridal array, her slender and elegant figure leaning trustfully, hopefully and lovingly upon the stalwort form of Hugh De Lancey, his manly person erect with pride, and his cheek and eye lighted with the strong enthusiasm of an earnest heart, and the profoundest affection for the sweet girl who was soon to be his bride. She, loving also, but modest as the trailing arbutus, only unconsciously exhibited the depth of her trust in him—

"And on that cheek, and over that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!"

But there was another maiden there also, with the orange blossoms entwined in her hair. Helen De Lancey was not simply dressed for a bridesmaid, but for a bride! Her dignified and somewhat stately figure contrasted with that of Agnes as the tall rose-bush does with the modest flower we have mentioned; and if her countenance betrayed less child like reliance upon her partner, it was not less strongly marked with the expression of true womanly devotion to the chosen object of her affections.

Lieutenant, now Captain Barnes, stood by her side; and while the ceremony waited, the two conversed together in a low and affectionate tone:

"This is something I would not dared to dream of, a month ago, Helen—it seems like a dream even now," said Barnes, with his eyes fixed admiringly and warmly upon his companion's face.

"Can you then consider me so unreal?"

"No, no—but that I should have gained your heart—the proud beauty that I thought you—that seems unreal. But yet I know I have it."

"You have indeed. I have told you often, David, that it was your honest, manly heart, and that alone, which won my love. And yet I do believe your modesty would never have permitted you to find it out, if I had not frankly said what few young ladies would have dared to say."

"I confess my stupidity, or rather, want of courage."

"It was not stupidity, David. And I thought it a pity that a soldier who dared to do the splendid deeds you have done, should lack for courage to address a lady that he loved. Forgive me, if I felt that there I was your superior—I dared to bid you open your heart. But I have to look a long way upward, David, to reach the heights of your true worth."

"Thank you, dear Helen, my gratitude is almost as warm as my love."

"Dismiss your gratitude—neither name nor blood, nor both together, is a fair exchange for an honest heart."

"But I have that given me too?"

"You have all that there is of it, David."

"I want no more—leave me to estimate my own treasure."

The pair exchanged a fond glance, but here the conversation paused, for the moment had come when the reverend minister was to knit together that silken chain whose dear bondage is so willingly endured by the young and loving.

They were married—Hugh De Lancey and Agnes Barnes, David Barnes and Helen De Lancey—and as every newly-wedded couple is the happiest in their own estimation, that ever were joined, so were they. Let us go so far as to add, that though the continuance of the war caused long separations of the fond couples, yet peace brought with it a double joy to loving hearts that nevermore were divided in life. And the memory of "Scornful Agnes" still dwells in some hearts as of a fond, devoted wife, and angel-mother.

THE END.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A HUNTING ADVENTURE IN THE CHATEAUGAY WOODS.

BY W. C. FORESTER.

The summer solstice reigned supreme. The fierce and ardent sun shed down his rays, with cruel force, upon the heads of unhappy city men, obliged to expose themselves in those patent reflectors, city streets. Miss Georgiana Lonsdale had left town with her brother, no one knew in what direction. Up to the last minute, neither the lady, nor Lonsdale himself, were to be entrapped by careless allusions to Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, or Nova Zembla, into the faintest indication of their intentions. *Sufficit*—one fine morning, I encountered down town, Lonsdale the elder, who casually mentioned to me, that he hoped I should not omit my usual evening call, as he expected to find it rather lonely, now that Fred and Georgiana were gone. In fact I could well believe that Pere Lonsdale and his sister Rebecca would hardly present as lively a household, as when aided by my brilliant friends Frederick and Georgiana.

Well, I did call that evening, but with an object, and I am bound in candor to admit, that in that object I completely failed. In vain did I exhaust every subtle device, which three months in a lawyer's office had taught me, in the art of cross-questioning, in vain did I dig skilfully hidden pitfalls, in the path of my Behemoth. Pere Lonsdale only chuckled, and crammed his fists deeper into his trowsers pockets. At last, driven far beyond any restraint of propriety or etiquette, I turned deliberately to where Miss Rebecca set silently netting an endless fringe, and inquired coolly:

"Pray, Miss Lonsdale, *where* have your niece and nephew gone?"

"Really, Mr. Howard, I am unable to tell you," said the spinster, with the most placid politeness. "They mentioned that they were going away for a few weeks, but I did not think to inquire where."

Pere Lonsdale had, during this answer, walked away to a window, but I could see his odious back shaking with laughter, and with a savage bow to poor Miss Rebecca, and some muttered remark about "business" I caught up my hat and vanished.

The next day I packed up a valise and knapsack, reinforced my stock of ammunition and hunting equipments, saw that my favorite rifle was in the most perfect condition, and putting myself aboard a North River steamer, was *en route* for the Chateaugay Woods, where I promised myself a week or more of hunting and fishing.

"Nature, changeable as she may be, is at least less fickle than woman," thought I; "and alone and unaided, I will woo from her the reward of patient devotion." Which somewhat rhapsodic resolve meant in plain English, that I would hunt without guide or dog, and plunge solitarily into the wild forest, sure that at least I should thus find a variety from my life of a year past. These violent transitions are, however, peculiarly agreeable to my individual temper, and I was sure of enjoying myself.

My first aim was to reach the house of a certain Nimrodian character, with whom I had become acquainted on previous excursions, and who had occasionally served as guide and companion to me. Now, however, I merely wished to make his cabin a starting point for the deeper recesses of the forest, leaving there the most of my luggage, and giving him a sketch of my probable course, in order that, should I not appear at a proper interval after my departure, he might search out my whereabouts, if fatal ill had befallen me.

In pursuance of my plan, I left, about 4 A. M., on the morning of the fifteenth of July, the log cabin of my friend Nimrod, and plunged beneath the cool, fragrant canopy of tall forest foliage that bounded the little clearing.

I did not have so much *sport*, after all, as I had anticipated, but infinitely more *pleasure*. Alone, and cut off as I was from the barbarisms of civilization, my heart opened wide its gates to the sweet appeals of Nature. I grew to look upon the graceful, gentle deer, the timorous hare, the saucy squirrel, as fellow-creatures of our Maker, and fellow-dwellers in these calm, beauteous halls of fresh and ever-changing architecture. I barely supplied the calls of hunger, and that with reluctance, and when half-remorsefully I had dined, or supped, on venison, partridge, wild goose, or rabbit, I would in a sonorous voice, declaim upon the verdant stage of some little intervale, such expressions of love, good-will and sorrow, as must have more than compensated to the survivors, for the untimely fate of their relatives. Nor did I rely wholly on my own eloquence—the capacious pockets of my shooting jacket contained two or three little volumes, from which I daily regaled the dryads and wood-nymphs with the golden numbers of Shakspeare, Tennyson, Longfellow and Thomson.

In this truly Arcadian manner, a week or more passed, and I had half-registered a vow to forswear the haunts of men, and betaking myself to the woods, become in very truth a child of nature. It was especially, on one balmy morning, that I came to this resolve. Never have I seen a scene of more perfect loveliness than rewarded my early opened eyes on this particular morning. The sun had not risen, but all the gorgeous morning sky was mirrored on the motionless surface of a little nameless lake I had reached on the previous evening, at which period I had been too weary to do more than heap myself a bed of hemlock boughs, beneath a hastily repaired old hut, catch a trout or two from the end of a log, and after broiling and eating these, I had almost immediately gone to sleep.

After feasting my eyes for a long time, upon the scene before me, I began to think of feasting in a more material sense, and preparing my rifle very carefully, I walked softly down to the margin of the lake, and half-hidden beneath a clump of shrubs, I remained quiet, waiting till the deer should come down to the lake to drink and bathe.

For some time I saw nothing; but just as I was about to move my position, a little plashing of the water, in a bay divided from me by a narrow tongue of thickly wooded land, warned me that the game was there. Leaving in the thicket, everything that could embarrass my movements, I crept across the neck of the promontory, and arrived noiselessly at the other side. There they were; a buck and doe stood half submerged, daintily sipping the clear blue water, which laughingly curled up its tiny waves to lave their slender limbs.

I stood a moment looking at the pair, in remorseful admiration, and then, placing the rifle at my shoulder, was taking careful aim at the doe, when, just as my finger was upon the trigger, a sharp crack resounded from a point a hundred yards or so beyond the deer, a light wreath of smoke curled up, and the poor little doe with a bound and a struggle, fell lifeless upon the shore. So entire and overwhelming was my astonishment at this answering note of civilization, in a wilderness a hundred miles as I supposed, from even a woodman's hut, that my rifle was fired with no aim at all, although as it proved, I slightly grazed the stag's back. Not waiting, however, to see this, I ran out to the point of my promontory, to catch a glimpse of the hidden marksman, and soon saw, emerging from the bushes, a picturesque and singular figure; but before I could distinguish any of its peculiarities, a crashing of dried branches behind me caused me to look suddenly round, when with an astonishment the very reverse of agreeable, I perceived that the stag, enraged by the death of his companion, and his own slight wound, and catching sight of my exposed figure, had swam ashore, and was now charging upon me with glowing eyes, and his huge antlers threateningly lowered. Instinctively I raised my rifle to my shoulder, then remembering that it was that moment fired, and that bullet-pouch and powder flask had been left in the thicket, I threw it down, and felt for my hunting-knife. Misfortune! It had slipped from my belt, during my snakelike passage across the promontory. Flight was impracticable, for the water was deep each side of me, and to pass the buck was impossiblé. I had barely time to catch up my rifle, once more, and holding it by the barrel, prepare to use it as a club, when the animal was upon me. I aimed a blow at his head, but it did not arrest his progress. His antler penetrated my side, and I fell, just as a bullet whizzed past my head, and entered with a true aim, behind the shoulder of the buck, who was drawing back preparatory to another charge.

Staggering he fell, as had I before, and we lay like two duellists, whose "honor" has been mutually "satisfied." I was not insensible, although my perceptions were dimmed so that I lay motionless and speechless, while the light figure of which I had caught a momentary glimpse came running from the wood, and stood for a moment beside me, and with a singular oblivion of all more important circumstances, of my wound, and the singular apparition of a stranger in this place, I began carefully to note the dress of the new-comer.

My gaze fixed admiringly upon the tiny boots, which swelled from the slender ankle, to a wide and embroidered top, ornamented with tassels and gold cord. These were met by the hem of a richly embroidered tunic, of leafy green, which was secured about the slender waist, by a belt, also embroidered, and which supported a silver sheathed and hilted hunting-knife. A silver powder flask, embossed with a group of Diana and her maidens preparing for the chase, and a bullet pouch on which was embroidered with gold thread a monogram which my dazzling eyes failed to decipher, were all I distinguished, before the person with a sudden cry knelt beside me. I raised my eyes to the face, at which I had not yet glanced. I knew it, knew it well; but the resemblance was disturbed by the little green velvet cap, whose graceful snowy plume shaded so lovingly the fair brow, the merry hazel eyes, and sweeping backward, half hid the rich mass of netted hair.

I strove with almost agony to collect my wandering faculties, but ere I could frame the question which filled my heart, the sweet huntress started up, and taking from her girdle a little silver whistle, turning to the quarter from whence she came, she sounded a loud clear note, then taking a tiny silver cup from her pouch, she brought water from the lake, and raising my head upon her arm, held the cup to my lips.

I drank a few drops, and was refreshed. My wandering senses returned in a degree, and I murmured, feebly:

"Is it Diana in her native woods, or is it the earthly goddess whom I adore?"

"For shame, Ernest Howard," returned my companion, the bright color suffusing the cheek which a moment before had been so deadly pale. "I never would have given you the water, if I had supposed you were not hurt enough to prevent you from talking Fifth Avenue, here in the woods."

"Dear Georgiana, the words were light, perhaps, but they were the playful reflex of a feeling deep as my existence; you have saved my life, may I lay it at your feet? May the love of years express itself here, in God's own temple."

"Really, Ernest, I think your wound has made you light-headed," said my fair tormentor; but she turned one sly, sweet glance upon me as she rose, the kindness of which belied the cruelty of her words.

She raised again the little whistle to her lips, but at that instant steps and voices were audible, and in a moment, two men broke through the underbrush, and hastened up to us.

"Why, Georgiana, what is the matter? Good Heavens, Howard, can this be you, and wounded?"

In half a dozen clear and graphic words, his sister explained the matter, and then while she retired, Frederic Lonsdale, with many a word of regret for my hurt, and pleasure at my coming, bound up the wound, which proved but slight, and then, with the help of Scipio, the faithful old black servant, who had lived in the family ever since he was born, I was half led, half carried along, in the direction which Georgiana had taken.

"How in the name of Actæon," said my friend, "did you make us out? Not that I am not rejoiced to see you, but Georgiana, who is a capital shot, and a perfect Diana in her love of the chase, charged me so solemnly to hide our 'trail,' with every precaution, that I did not suppose even the brilliant police of our native city could have discovered us."

In as few words as would answer (for I felt very weak) I explained my position, and begged an account of his own.

"Why, as I just told you, there is nothing my sister likes much better than hunting, and you know I am a little of a sportsman myself."

"The best shot I am acquainted with."

"Thank you! Well, we determined to have a little sport this summer; but Georgiana made my father and myself promise to keep the secret inviolable, and Aunt Rebecca has not the remotest notion of the truth. We stopped a few days at a little town back here, and I brought two or three fellows out and built an infinitessimal log cabin, which you will see in a minute, and there we keep house, with old Scip and his wife Rosemary to wait upon us—here we are, and you are welcome to the Lodge."

Here we were, sure enough, and at the door we were met by a dignified young lady in a very pretty white morning dress, who yet could not restrain a beautiful blush, as I glanced at her with a meaning smile.

We hunted together another month, and returned to the city within a week of each other. I was the latest arrival, for everybody saw me in the boat from Fall River, and I had much to say of my Newport experiences. I believe I did not mention that I stayed there just six hours.

The little log house has been enlarged and furnished, and my wife and I, with Frederic and his wife (who does not shoot, but loves to read poetry and pick wild flowers, and dream in the noon-tide under the trees), spend part of every summer there, still waited on by old Scip and Rosemary, and their daughter Miranda.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT OF GRODNA.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

The year 1844 was one of those terrible eras in Polish history, which "try men's souls." The contest was going on sharply, and every noble emotion in Polish bosoms rebelled against the tyranny of their oppressors. Old and young shared these feelings alike, and the same venturous spirit which animated the fathers, burned as bright and unsullied in the sons. Freedom! was the only watchword of those brave souls; and even Despotism sometimes heard and trembled.

In the Government College at Grodna were twelve hundred students, the flower of the Polish youth, straining every nerve to obtain the education for which a generous government had so amply provided. At the first sound of revolt, the students had banded themselves into secret societies, determined to be worthy of their unfortunate country, and to die, if need be, in her service. They vowed the last drop of blood in their veins to her freedom, and pledged their sacred honor to obtain for her a rank among the nations of the earth, where the foot of tyrant should never tread.

Julian Tarnow, distinguished for his bravery and courage, as well as for the more peaceful qualities of a scholar, was among these self-devoted youths. His mother was a widow, and this son was the pride of her heart, as he was her only child. She had staked her life's happiness upon this bark, and the "*Freedom or Death*," which he had recently adopted as the motto on his seal, and which he duly transmitted to her each week, brought alike terror and pride to her loving heart.

He had just despatched one of these affectionate missives, and left the deep impress of those words upon its envelope, when the students were thrown into confusion by a message from Krakowa. The Russian government had been apprised of the meditated revolt, and a regiment of Cossacks were already on the way, intending to surround the college, and condemn the students to be common soldiers for life! To the young, noble-hearted Poles, this sentence seemed worse than death; and all their thoughts were taxed to devise a way to escape the double disgrace which awaited them. Better to die, a thousand times, than live in slavery to the tyrant, or to be degraded by his touch on their free limbs.

Julian Tarnow had won the confidence and love of one of the professors of the college of Grodna, Casimir Thorn; and to the professor's beautiful daughter Julian was bound in the ties of a strong and enduring attachment.

Marie Thorn was indeed a woman worth living for, and Julian, with a pang at his heart, which he was ill able to conceal, thought bitterly upon the separation which tyranny and cruelty would bring about between him and the object of his love. A brief and hurried interview—the clasp of hands, the wild farewell, the promise never to forget, and all the thousand witcheries which none, save lovers, understand, and then the father came in, and urged the necessity of shortening the painful scene.

Then came the disguise which the professor had himself procured, of his own servant's clothes for Julian, and in which it would be impossible to recognise the youthful and handsome student of Grodna, whose deepest regret was that he had not been able to strike a blow for his country.

Casimir urged his departure, and furnished him with a letter fictitiously addressed, to show to the guard; and as he gave the password to the men, promptly and without hesitation, he was allowed to pass the barrier, as a courier on important business.

Travelling for eight days with scarcely any food, and without a single change of clothing, foot sore and weary, the wayfarer reached the town of Memel on the Baltic. Here he availed himself of a letter which the professor had given him to a broker, who engaged to get him secretly out of the country. A vessel was to sail in two days from the port of Grimsby in England, and a passage was engaged by the broker for the disguised Pole.

Meanwhile Julian was concealed in the house of this man, his wants attended to, and a full supply of clothing furnished him. He was sitting in the private chamber assigned to him, waiting impatiently to be called on board the vessel in which he was to sail, and speculating upon the chances of meeting again his mother and Marie Thorn, when a person rushed suddenly into the room, calling upon him in German, to follow him. Julian's amazement at this was great. He knew no Germans, and could not imagine how any one could be acquainted with his affairs.

"Hurry up, hurry up, my good youth," urged the man. "The person who has befriended you apprised me of your condition; and I am here to conduct you to a place of safety. Ask no questions, but follow me."

Impelled by the honest and sincere countenance of the German, Julian trusted himself to his guidance, and following through the back door of the house, he entered the carriage that was waiting, and was driven rapidly to the house of a tinman, through which he was hurried to a small barn in the rear, and found a secure retreat among the hay.

"And now, my good friend," said Julian when all was done, "tell me why you have done this?"

"For God and the right!" answered the man. "After parting with our friend, the broker, I met a platoon of soldiers, who said they had orders to apprehend a young Pole who had escaped. My thoughts instantly recurred to what Lahler had just told me, and without hesitation, I put them on the wrong track, and ran in to tell you."

"You have done me a great service," said Julian, "may you meet with friends as kind in your need!"

At night, the friendly German returned to him, after having been absent to reconnoitre. Lahler also made his appearance, bringing food and wine, in which the safety of the refugee was heartily toasted. The soldiers had left M

embroidered tunic, of leafy green, which ured about the slender waist, by a belt, broidered, and which supported a silver l and hilted hunting-knife. A silver flask, embossed with a group of Diana maidens preparing for the chase, and a ouch on which was embroidered with read a monogram which my dazzling eyes decipher, were all I distinguished, be- person with a sudden cry knelt beside raised my eyes to the face, at which I t yet glanced. I knew it, knew it well; resemblance was disturbed by the little velvet cap, whose graceful snowy plume so lovingly the fair brow, the merry hazel nd sweeping backward, half hid the rich f netted hair.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT OF GRODNA.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

The year 1844 was one of those terrible eras in Polish history, which "try men's souls." The contest was going on sharply, and every noble emotion in Polish bosoms rebelled against the tyranny of their oppressors. Old and young shared these feelings alike, and the same venturous spirit which animated the fathers, burned as bright and unsullied in the sons. Freedom! was the only watchword of those brave souls; and even Despotism sometimes heard and trembled.

In the Government College at Grodna were twelve hundred students, the flower of the Polish youth, straining every nerve to obtain the education for which a generous government had so amply provided. At the first sound of revolt, the students had banded themselves into secret societies, determined to be worthy of their unfortunate country, and to die, if need be, in her service. They vowed the last drop of blood in their veins to her freedom, and pledged their sacred honor to obtain for her a rank among the nations of the earth, where the foot of tyrant should never tread.

Julian Tarnow, distinguished for his bravery and courage, as well as for the more peaceful qualities of a scholar, was among these self-devoted youths. His mother was a widow, and this son was the pride of her heart, as he was her only child. She had staked her life's happiness upon this bark, and the "*Freedom or Death,*" which he had recently adopted as the motto on his seal, and which he duly transmitted to her each week, brought alike terror and pride to her loving heart.

He had just despatched one of these affectionate missives, and left the deep impress of those words upon its envelope, when the students were thrown into confusion by a message from Krakowa. The Russian government had been apprised of the meditated revolt, and a regiment of Cossacks were already on the way, intending to surround the college, and condemn the students to be common soldiers for life! To the young, noble-hearted Poles, this sentence seemed worse than death; and all their thoughts were taxed to devise a way to escape the double disgrace which awaited them. Better to die, a thousand times, than live in slavery to the tyrant, or to be degraded by his touch on their free limbs.

Julian Tarnow had won the confidence and love of one of the professors of the college of Grodna, Casimir Thorn; and to the professor's beautiful daughter Julian was bound in the ties of a strong and enduring attachment.

Marie Thorn was indeed a woman worth living for, and Julian, with a pang at his heart, which he was ill able to conceal, thought bitterly upon the separation which tyranny and cruelty would bring about between him and the object of his love. A brief and hurried interview—the clasp of hands, the wild farewell, the promise never to forget, and all the thousand witcheries which none, save lovers, understand, and then the father came in, and urged the necessity of shortening the painful scene.

Then came the disguise which the professor had himself procured, of his own servant's clothes for Julian, and in which it would be impossible to recognize the youthful and handsome student of Grodna, whose deepest regret was that he had not been able to strike a blow for his country.

Casimir urged his departure, and furnished him with a letter fictitiously addressed, to show to the guard; and as he gave the password to the men, promptly and without hesitation, he was allowed to pass the barrier, as a courier on important business.

Travelling for eight days with scarcely any food, and without a single change of clothing, footsore and weary, the wayfarer reached the town of Memel on the Baltic. Here he availed himself of a letter which the professor had given him to a broker, who engaged to get him secretly out of the country. A vessel was to sail in two days from the port of Grimsby in England, and a passage was engaged by the broker for the disguised Pole.

Meanwhile Julian was concealed in the house of this man, his wants attended to, and a full supply of clothing furnished him. He was sitting in the private chamber assigned to him, waiting impatiently to be called on board the vessel in which he was to sail, and speculating upon the chances of meeting again his mother and Marie Thorn, when a person rushed suddenly into his room, calling upon him in German, to follow him. Julian's amazement at this was great. He knew no Germans, and could not imagine how any one could be acquainted with his affairs.

"Hurry up, hurry up, my good youth," urged the man. "The person who has befriended you apprised me of your condition; and I am here to conduct you to a place of safety. Ask no questions, but follow me."

Impelled by the honest and sincere countenance of the German, Julian trusted himself to his guidance, and following through the back door of the house, he entered the carriage that was in waiting, and was driven rapidly to the house of a tinman, through which he was hurried to a small barn in the rear, and found a secure retreat among the hay.

"And now, my good friend," said Julian, when all was done, "tell me why you have done this?"

"For God and the right!" answered the man. "After parting with our friend, the broker, I met a platoon of soldiers, who said they had orders to apprehend a young Pole who had escaped. My thoughts instantly recurred to what Luhler had just told me, and without hesitation, I put them on the wrong track, and ran in to tell you."

"You have done me a great service," said Julian, "may you meet with friends as kind, at your need!"

At night, the friendly German returned to him, after having been absent to reconnoitre. Luhler also made his appearance, bringing food and wine, in which the safety of the refugee was heartily toasted. The soldiers had left Memel, it was supposed, by a different route to that by which they had entered, and their apprehensions were now allayed.

The next morning before daylight they accompanied Julian to the wharf where the ship had been lying. She had dropped down the stream, and now lay lazily knocking and rolling, a handsome little craft as one would like to see. The German jumped into a small row-boat that lay tossing at the wharf, called Julian to follow, and then loosening the chain, he rowed quickly to the little bark.

It was with no common feelings of gratitude that Julian bade his preserver farewell. He intrusted him with messages for his friends, to whom he dared not write, for fear of involving them in trouble on his account, pressed him warmly to his bosom, and reiterated the thanks which glowed within him.

The captain of the ship had been made acquainted with the circumstances of the young Pole, and was prepared to use every precaution to secrete him while they should be detained from sailing. He had hardly shown him to a place of safety, before the whole party of his pursuers came on board. What was Julian's terror at hearing their inquiries after him, directly over his head, and their threats of utter ruin and disgrace if they should find him! Brave as he was, where danger was concerned, he was most deeply sensitive to all that could touch his honor. That was the vulnerable part, in which even the Cossack could wound and destroy him.

Tramp, tramp went the heavily shod feet above his head, while he lay cowering like a guilty thing beneath; while their wild curses rung on his ear like a warning knell. The narrow berth in which he lay covered, seemed to enclose him like a coffin. He felt confined, pent up. His breath came thickly, and already he felt the suffocating thrall, and almost fancied that he could feel the tyrant's hand upon his neck, and heard the tyrant's voice, condemning him to perpetual serfdom!

Then came the almost irrepressible cry of anguish; the agonizing thought of his mother, the remembrance of Marie, and the dread of what might already have been the fate of his brave comrades, all conspired to make that hour the most terrible that had ever gloomed the life of the young Pole.

Thundering down the gangway, came the clanging footsteps, with their heavy weapons striking the stairs at every step. Every berth was examined, every corner underwent their scrutiny. Captain Bohn himself accompanied them; and from the darkened corner berth, Julian saw by his countenance that all hope of his preservation was gone. They approached the berth. "And whom have we here?" said a bearded Cossack, with an expression of grim exultation on his savage face.

"My sister's son; a lad who has long been feeble in mind and body. I take him to England, to try the virtues of the far-famed hospitals, but with scarcely a hope of success; so long and deeply seated is the poor boy's malady."

Even savage hearts feel sometimes for those who are stricken in mind. They passed by with reverent step, and, having completed their search, the boat conveyed them again to the shore. Julian fainted as the last step left the vessel; and for an hour, the rude but kind-hearted sailor was at his wit's ends, endeavoring to revive and reassure him. The next hour they were dancing over the sparkling waters, on their way to England! They had been many days out before Julian, who was enfeebled by his previous privations, as well as by anguish of mind, could drink in the delightful thought that he was *free!*

As he touched the white cliffs of England, he knelt down beneath them, and poured out mingled tears and thanksgiving. The bright sun was shining overhead, and the sands were sparkling in its rays. Not a vestige of oppression or warfare seemed to deface the smiling land. As he moved away from the wharves, his feet trod upon green fields, where the turf was unstained by blood, and where the peaceful air was never disturbed by the sighs of an oppressed and down-trodden people. The steeple of the little Gothic church at Grimsby cast its shadow over no heart that beat in serfdom. At that moment, if Julian's heart could have been laid open in twain, the word Poland might have been seen inscribed upon its inmost depths. "God and Poland! mother and Marie!" He had no heart, no thought for aught else.

Meanwhile the friendly young German, Albert Trenkle, had become still more deeply interested in the fortunes of the man whom he had benefited. Even in the brief hour of their intercourse, he had found time to think how he might find means to convey to him any news of the dear friends whom he had left behind; and had ingeniously supplied Julian with a very simple but useful cypher, by which he could communicate any intelligence, or receive it from them. The address was to be "Trenkle" on both sides, as Julian was to pass for a brother of the real Trenkle, abroad on a tour of pleasure.

On his return he visited Madame Tarnow and Professor Thorn. Marie welcomed him with undisguised joy, when she learned how much he had accomplished towards Julian's escape. Still her anxiety on his account was extreme, and could only be wholly allayed until she knew that he was safe. Weary months passed before her wish was attained. At length Trenkle brought her a letter. He was safe in person, he wrote, but how could he be happy afar from herself and Poland? He detailed Captain Bohn's kindness, his exertions to procure him the means of living, and the friends to whom he had introduced him.

"But not here, dearest Marie, must be the home of your exile;" he wrote, "even could be hope to be soon restored to Poland. No, far beyond the setting sun, there is a country where Polish exiles can be free. I go there as soon as it is practicable for me to leave this country; and if tyrants must rule in our beloved Poland, I ask but the power to bring my mother and Marie to the freer shores which are laved by the waters of the Atlantic."

The year 1850 dawned brightly upon America. The "pestilence which walketh at noonday" had passed by, bearing, it is true, many of the great, the gifted, and the beautiful from sight; but its violence was stayed, and the destroying angel no longer darkened the home with his baleful wing.

Among those who had been seized, was Julian Tarnow. Within the desolate house, from which all save one had fled from him, he lay in the agonies of that terrible disease that baffles and sets at nought the most consummate skill. All save one—and she almost a child in look and appearance—a heroine in courage and fortitude. Night and day she resisted his entreaties for her to leave him to his fate, and to think only of herself, but she continued to watch over him with angel sweetness, until he sank into a stupor which counterfeited death.

Born and bred in affluence, Mildred Neale was now a rich orphan, residing with her uncle in New York. She was studying with Julian Tarnow, when he was suddenly seized with the terrible epidemic which was then raging at its height. Her uncle, Mr. Neale, would not allow him to be removed, but sent his family away in different directions. Unknown to him, Mildred returned immediately, and finding, as she suspected, that the servants were leaving him to struggle with his disease alone, she took her post by his bedside, and tended him with all the devotion of a sister.

His danger and suffering showed her how dear he had become to her, and a hope which had never beamed before on her orphan state, sprang up in her during this sickness. It faded and went out, when she saw him dying as she supposed; but even then she held him closely to her heart, as if her clasp could detain him in life. She was rewarded, for he awoke to consciousness, and again she hoped; but she was too maidenly and delicate to show that she loved him. But the returning health of the invalid brought home the scattered family, and she was subject to cruel and unkind remark for his sake.

She was all that a dreamer and poet like Julian Tarnow could ask for the realization of his fancies, and she united to this wealth and station sufficiently dazzling to tempt an ordinary man to venture much for so rich a prize. But Julian was no ordinary man, and the remembrance of Marie was as dear to him as ever. Still, Mildred had saved his life, as far as human agency was concerned; and not to devote it to her seemed ungrateful and cruel. He saw, too, that she suffered persecution for his sake; and his heart ached that he could offer nothing for her sacrifices. It must be confessed that Julian was obliged to read over and over again the tender letters of Marie Thorn, in order to nerve himself against the attentions of another.

Man is sometimes changeful as well as woman, and perhaps Julian might have failed in his constancy, had not Mildred herself discovered that she had a rival—a fact which Julian ought, long before, to have communicated. Her soul was wrung on discovering this, which she did accidentally. The sight of a lady's miniature on his table one day awakened her suspicions, and his confusion confirmed them.

There was a period of many months in which Julian heard nothing from Poland. He had long since recovered, and only saw Mildred in the presence of her aunt and cousins, while giving the latter lessons as well as herself. He began to grow seriously alarmed, and wrote again and again to Marie, and always in the peculiar cypher which she only, except Albert Trenkle, understood. There was no answer.

He walked out one afternoon, with head bent down and thoughtful face, unconscious of the passers-by. His thoughts were, as usual, with Poland, but strangely mixed up with the feelings which his position with regard to Mildred had brought up. A figure passed him, turned and repassed him, and still he saw it not. Then a voice which he had often heard in the college at Grodna, struck familiar on his ear, and he looked up. It was one of his fellow students, Ferdinand Orne.

Julian wept. The parting with his friends long ago had brought no tear to his eyes; but the meeting unmanned him. Ferdinand saw and pitied his emotion, believing that some one had already anticipated the news he was bringing.

"Our old professor—you have heard the news, Julian?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Your mother—surely you must have heard of her?"

"Tell me," said Julian, his breath coming slowly and gaspingly, as he uttered the words.

"Alas! I have so much to tell you, and you are so little prepared to hear it."

"Tell me at once, I can bear anything better than suspense."

"Your mother, Julian, died last May, in my arms. I was with her almost constantly, striving to make up for your absence."

"God bless you, Ferdinand!"

"Soon after the professor failed, and he too went upward. Can you hear more, Julian?"

"Speak on, I can bear the worst. Is it of Marie that you would tell me?"

"She is—"

"Dead?"

"No, Julian. She is married?"

"To whom?" asked Julian.

"To your German friend, Albert Trenkle."

Ferdinand looked to see if Julian did not sink under this accumulated trouble; but he saw him calm and collected. A flush of indignation burned on his cheek, it is true, at the double falsehood of those whom he had trusted; but his lips did not tremble, as he asked for the particulars.

It flashed upon him at once that his letters had not been answered by Marie, and were perhaps never received; and if so, there was a traitor somewhere, and who could it be but Trenkle himself? He was ashamed of the suspicion the moment it entered his mind, and yet he could not help giving it a second thought. Who but Trenkle understood the cypher which he himself had invented for the use of the lovers? Everything seemed to favor his suspicion, and Ferdinand had no doubt whatever on the subject.

It was all true. The professor had favored Trenkle, rather than Marie's absent lover; and when months went by, and she received no tidings from Julian, she was more easily induced to obey her father, who, irritated by Julian's neglect, forbade her to think of him again.

What a situation was this for the sensitive and deeply feeling student! Marie false—his mother dead—Poland lost and won, without his being able to strike a single blow for her, when his heart was burning with her wrongs—himself poverty-stricken and enfeebled from his late struggles with the dreadful cholera—if with all these pressing upon him Julian was calm, it was the very calmness of despair, not the settled resignation of a soul bracing itself to endure, without murmuring, the ills of life.

He became, in fact, a solitary, misanthropic being; gave up his aristocratic pupils, and confined himself wholly to those who had the bare means of paying him sufficient for the merest subsistence. He took lodgings in a remote part of the city, where he could procure them cheap, and obtained his food at the very lowest price. There was an air of refinement and delicacy about him, which even his shabby clothes could not hide, and whoever looked upon him, yet saw indisputable marks of a gentleman and a scholar.

The house where he lodged belonged to a family which had once been in affluent circumstances, but had become reduced. The youngest child was about eight years old, a pretty, interesting little creature, who more than any other being engaged Julian's attention, and drew him from his cheerless and dejected state. And to little Helen no one seemed so dear as her beloved Mr. Tarnow—he who denied himself all luxuries for the sake of buying her some beautiful present, and who instructed her so finely, without expense to her parents.

Julian found, however, that he shared the child's affections with another, a dear lady, Helen said, who often met her in the street, and gave her such pleasant words. "Just as you do, Mr. Tarnow, and yet sad, just like you."

Helen often accompanied him, on his way to the houses where he gave his lessons, as far as the school to which she went; and once she exclaimed, as a slight figure in black went round a corner before them, "There is my good lady." He was reminded of the figure of Mildred Neale, whose face he had not seen for many months.

The sight brought back memories of her that he felt it ungrateful that he had so long banished, and he walked on, thinking of the strange attachment that had threatened to come up between them, so ill assorted, and so widely apart as they were, to outward appearance, or at least, as society would have declared them.

He returned home at night to find Helen violently ill. She had been attacked at school, and now lay burning with fever. Her mother said that "the good lady," of whom the child so often talked, brought her home, finding her ill in the street, under the care of some of the frightened scholars, who were alarmed at the sudden delirium exhibited by the child. She had promised to come again.

Julian took his station beside the bed. He had some knowledge of disease, and at college the principles of Preisnitz and Hahnemann had both had their ardent admirers among the students. He combined what he knew of the best properties of each, and applied them to her case. The grateful mother looked on, and rejoiced to see how admirably his prescription worked. The child had ceased tossing, her cheek became less flushed, and she seemed more rational.

She lay quietly, when a footstep approached the bed softly, and the child's face lighted up with joy as she exclaimed, "There is the lady again, mother."

Julian looked up. It was Mildred Neale. They had met again, she with her glorious beauty grown all the more radiant for the year that had passed over it, ripening and mellowing it into a richer tone; and he, care-worn and dejected, with only the love of a little child to break in on his darkness. And meeting as they did over the sick bed of that child, it was not likely they should give way to idle etiquette, but that they should recognize each other on the common ground of affection for the child and the principles of philanthropy.

Julian was aware of all that had been done by the friends of Mildred, to separate her from any contact with one whom they called a needy adventurer.

Mildred blushed at seeing him there; but extended her hand and said, "We have not met for months, Mr. Tarnow; you forget your old pupils."

There was little in her words, but her manner was kind and cordial; and Julian could not but remember that she had stood by another sick bed before this. He longed to tell her so, but the curse of his poverty was with him too strongly.

They stayed late over the child, and then Mildred remembered with terror that she must go through the streets alone. She rose to go. Julian was engaged about the child's pillow and would not see that she lingered to talk with the mother. Then she came forward, bent over the child's hot face and kissed her. Julian turned away, determined not to show any emotion, and suffered her to go out into the darkness alone. Mrs. Wilmer turned back from the outer door, and entreated him to go with her.

"I will follow to see that she meets with no harm" he said, as he passed out.

Mildred did not see him, but he quietly paced after her, until she reached the corner of a street, where two men were fighting. She involuntarily turned back. The street lamp fell on Julian's face and figure, and she sprang to his side.

If little Helen Wilmer missed him too long, on that night he must be pardoned. Julian's pride gave way before the sympathy of the generous-hearted girl, and ere they arrived at her uncle's door, he had unburdened all his troubles to her ear.

How many tender meetings were held by the side of little Helen, must not be told; nor how Julian gradually got over his terror of marrying a rich wife; nor how she persuaded him at last that his birth and talents were far more than equivalent to her paltry gold; but we may tell that not only Julian but Mrs. Wilmer and her family were made happier for the new happiness which, as his wife henceforth, filled the heart of Mildred Neale.

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Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

A strange Adventure.

A curious circumstance took place recently near Paris. A nobleman driving hitherwards with his family from his chateau, had alighted to walk, while the carriage went on. Suddenly a man attacked him, pistol in hand, with the usual polite invitation to yield up his "tin" under pain of extermination, to which our count agreed, surrendering his effects with as good a grace as possible. The robber thereupon demanded his elegant paletot, considerately offering his own somewhat tattered garment in exchange; even this unreasonable barter was agreed to. Salutes were exchanged, and the count made the best of his way to his carriage, much to the amazement of his lady, who nearly took him for a highwayman. Shortly after, on putting his hand into one of his coat pockets, he was agreeably astonished to find his own gold watch, and in the others all the articles he had given up, besides a gold snuff box and other valuables which had evidently been stolen from some other victim. The robber had forgotten the contents of his pockets when he exchanged his old garment for the count's paletot!

Curious Law Question.

As the late Earl Fitzhardinge's rent roll is supposed to have been about £40,000 a year, a nice point, it is remarked, may arise on the question of the precise hour of his death, which is announced as having taken place "about midnight" between the 10th and 11th of October. His rents were payable at "old time," that is, Old Lady Day and Old Michaelmas Day. Old Michaelmas Day fell this year on Sunday, the 11th of October, and the day begins at midnight. Now, the rent is due upon the first moment of the day it becomes due, so that at one second beyond twelve o'clock of the 10th, rent payable at Michaelmas Day is in law due. If the earl died before twelve, the rents belong to the parties taking the estate, but if after twelve, then they belong to, and form part of, his personal estate, so that the difference of one minute might involve a question as to the title of about £20,000.

An extraordinary Surgical Triumph.

The Lowell News says that some twenty-seven months ago, a young man named W. K. Foster had the whole of one elbow joint torn out by an accident. He was taken to the hospital, where Dr. Kimball, advised by Doctors Graves and Dickey, proceeded to saw off the fragmentary bones, shortening them some two and a half inches, and then uniting them so as to make a new joint and arm. He moves the joint with perfect ease, though not quite so fully as the other, and can, as he says, hold out twenty and a half pounds with the hand at arm's length. The arm is now nearly three and a half inches shorter than the other, and is a good and reliable arm for all the purposes of labor to which Mr. Foster is called.

Remarkable Discovery.

Among other remarkable stories we have a wonderful "fish story." While a company of miners were working a river claim on the middle fork of the American River, California, they came upon a bed of quicksand, in which they found imbedded seven fish suckers, which, upon being taken out and put into a pump hole, which contained some four feet of water, immediately plunged to the bottom, and in their movements exhibited every evidence of being again in their native element. The quicksand in which they were imbedded was twenty-two feet below the present river bed, and was overlaid by a strata of red clay, as well as sand, and boulders large and small.

Strange Proclamation.

There is a proclamation extant, addressed by Russia to the Circassian chiefs, in 1837, in which it is asked: "Are you aware that if the heavens should fall, Russia could prop them up with her bayonets? The English may be very good mechanic artisans, but power dwells only with Russia. No country ever waged successful war against her. If you desire peace, you must be convinced that there are but two powers in existence—God in heaven and the Emperor upon earth."

Singular Idea.

In the cemetery at Nuremburg is a tomb to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden, by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas relief, and [illegible] lizard is so constructed as to move when touched.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

In a New England village, both thrifty and neat,
Of a learned divine is the quiet retreat
The lilies are nodding each pretty bright plume,
And filling the air with their richest perfume;
Close down by the meadow is rippling along
A river, that glides graceful willows among;
And the green-wooded hills that shut in the view
Here rise up abruptly, there fade into blue.
So fair was the spot where Dame Nature had taught her,
That, lovely and pure, grew the clergyman's daughter,
And there by the window that looks on the green,
Sits sweet pretty Jane, at her Sewing Machine.
One touch of her foot, and one turn of her hand—
From fairies you'd think she had borrowed a wand.

"Just look! Babies' dresses are done in a trice,
And the hems and the tucks look so charmingly nice;
Those twenty-four towels, dear mother's demand,
Are folded, completed, and lie on the stand;
Twelve collars for Alfred, those kerchiefs for Joe,
Were finished last night, and placed in a row:
Two dresses for Katie, my darling—and then
I will fly to the shirts, that are wanted for Ben.
Now give me a book; I am free as a queen—
For do I not own this dear Sewing Machine?
A few months ago, of my life I was weary,
The future was all so laborious and dreary:
They told me, I know, I was pretty—but then,
'Tis no easy lot to be eldest of ten.
Let me do what I would—let me get up at dawn,
Let me work at my needle, at night, noon and morn—
Those brothers, no matter how early I rose,
Would wear out, and tear out, and outgrow, their clothes,
And that mountain of garments grew more and more high,
Until stitch upon stitch brought sigh upon sigh.
There's Mary, our fair one, so tall and so slender,
I really believe I did nothing but mend her;
When baby was born—I'm forced to confess it—
The last thing I dreamed of on earth was to bless it—
I thought of her dresses, wee ruffles and all—
She ruffled me sorely, that baby so small.
With blushes I own it, those brothers and sisters
To me were no more than just so many blisters.
When Willie, our eldest, from college returned,
My work for a moment I hastily spurned,
Then rushed to embrace him; how my feelings were torn!
For I saw at a glance that his bosoms were gone.
With caresses I tried to hide all my fears;
Put my head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.
He tenderly twisted each wandering tress;
How well I was looking! how charming my dress!
Then laughingly asked that good brother of mine,
For the rest of the dear ones, the gay romping nine,
He whispered so kindly, 'A prize I have won;
Nay, praise me not, Jenny, 'twas easily done;
My rivals were lazy, or else from the start
They had not, poor fellows, such motives at heart;
And now with my earnings I've bought you a sprite—
Your slave all the morning, your vassal at night.
To-morrow, dear sister, from sewing be free,
And begin, dearest Jenny, some reading with me.'
I poured out my thanks, while my heart beat with joy—
'Twas such a kind act of the dear, generous boy.
I'm the happiest maiden that ever was seen,
With this dear little, sweet little Sewing Machine."

Ye Oberlin students, she doctors of laws,
Who deem that society's nothing but flaws;
Ye lady divines, and ye female M. D.'s,
Who preach to us sermons, and boast your degrees,
Who vow that this earth never safely can roll
Till you shall wear trousers, and go to the poll;
When you of your rights were raving and fighting,
Who think you the while injured woman was righting?
'Twas our best benefactor, one William O. Grover,
His name be remembered the wide world all over,
As being sole author, inventor, and maker,
Of that prince of inventions, the "Grover & Baker."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NIGHT ON THE LOIRE.

BY EDWIN A. LOTHROP.

THE dungeons of the tribunal at Nantes lay in the sombre gloom of twilight—a wintry twilight, short, dim and gray. To eyes unaccustomed to the deep, gloomy recesses of these dens, it hardly mattered whether midnight or noonday prevailed; but to those which had not fairly looked a gleam of sunshine in the face for months, every gradation of light was marked. In one of these dungeons, sat a lady of noble mien, and an air of dignity which no circumstances of imprisonment or suffering could hide or diminish. Another female was there also, whose tender and affectionate manner toward the lady was as lovely to see as it was remarkable. She was a young girl, of no great degree of personal beauty; but with a soft, persuasive smile that brightened up an ordinary face into a really handsome one.

The elder lady was the wife of Lepina, a Vendean general; the younger was her attendant, but loved and valued by Madame Lepina as a child. Madame was one of the victims of the blood-thirsty Carrier; and when she was carried to the dungeons, the young girl insisted on following her thither. She was a native of Chatterault, who was deeply attached to her mistress, and would not be separated from her. Even in the gloomy room which constantly held these two heroic females, they were as regardful of their appearance, and as punctilious in their habits as though they were in the very heart of society. Madame Lepina would have deemed herself failing in self-respect had she not maintained as much state as was possible to preserve in her present abode. Still this ceremony only affected her outward. The heart was just as free—the affections as unreservedly given; and it was not in the nature of things to feel otherwise than tender and affectionate towards the amiable girl, who, for her sake, had forsaken all and followed her to these dreary depths—who mingled the consolations of religion, the fervor of love, and the renewing power of faith and hope in a future release from imprisonment.

"My dear Ida," said madame, one day when she had been more than usually gloomy, and Ida more devoted to her comfort, "what could I have done without you? I do not believe that my life would have been spared, or that I should ever have hoped to see my beloved husband again, had not you inspired me with hope and fortitude. If God spares my life now, my precious child, you shall be to me as a daughter; you shall share my home. Alas! what is my home now?"

"Do not distress yourself, dearest lady. A few weeks more, and I doubt not the rigor of your punishment will be softened. Do not doubt that you will meet General Lepina again—the 'brave Vendean general,' as I heard some one of the visitors call him the other day."

The lady's face flushed with pride and pleasure at this tribute to her noble husband; and she pressed Ida's hand with more than usual warmth. The days wore on in this gloomy place, with little of note to rouse Madame Lepina from the stupor which the darkness and the confined air always brought upon her. Ida's more youthful eyes could discern objects with more clearness than could the tear-bedimmed ones of madame; and the young girl sewed, netted, and, when the atmosphere without was clearer than usual, she could read a little; but the attempt was dangerous to the sight, and Madame Lepina absolutely forbade her making the trial.

So the time lagged wearily. An occasional visit from the ferocious being by whose orders the wife of General Lepina had been made to undergo the refinement of cruelty, by separating her from her husband, alone varied the monotonous gloom of her existence. Only the devotion of her faithful Ida could have enabled her to endure the misfortunes which had settled upon a life once so gay and happy.

Madame Lepina was once the beauty of her times; not the belle, for she was too true a woman; too truthful to her deepest womanly nature, to claim so poor a distinction. Soon after her marriage with General Lepina, she had lost both her parents; and, being an only child, there were none with whom she claimed near relationship. When therefore, the edict for her incarceration went forth, she had no near friend whose visits could soften the pains of her imprisonment, or bring her news of her adored husband.

The same utter destitution of relations was true of Ida Keough. Her parents were dead, and an only brother had early given up his life on the blood-red battle-field. Madame had found her mourning for that brother's death, and with the instinct of a benevolent nature, had taken her home with her, treated her as a companion, and only satisfied the young girl's independence of character and dislike of obligation, by allowing her to perform some few trifling offices about her personal comforts, and which she would have had no hesitation to delegate to a sister. An officer, high in rank, and devotedly attached to General Lepina, had become warmly interested in Ida, at the pleasant re-unions of the previous winter. He was perfectly aware of her poverty, and knew that if he married her, no considerations of influence or rank, or wealth, could arise in consequence of it; and he had argued with his own heart, and the result of the argument was, that Ida's sense, worth and purity were worth a thousand fortunes, and more than the most distinguished connections could atone for any want of those attractions. This officer had escaped from the fate of many of his companions, and in the depth of the wintry storms, he walked for ten consecutive days, until he arrived at Nantes. There he learned that Ida had accompanied Madame Lepina to prison; and the intelligence, while it awakened every feeling of admiration at her noble conduct, filled him with the deepest solicitude.

It was at the hour of twilight, as we said, when the two noble women were seated, according to their wont, and talking over for the thousandth time, the well-remembered scenes of "long ago." Both were affected to tears; but Ida's were only sympathies, for all day long there had been a lightness at her heart, and a sense of hopefulness that filled the gloomy room with a ray of brightness. She was trying to administer consolation to her companion, who, drowned in tears, had just thrown herself back upon the hard bed, unable to control her emotions.

"Cheer up, cheer up, beloved mistress," said Ida, "I have a presentiment that something pleasant will come to us even here, and that speedily. See, it is even lighter here now than it was an hour since; and we know by that, that the storm has cleared, and that the sun is setting gloriously. And the same sun, dear lady, is over all. What joy to think that when it brings a brighter beam to light up this dark prison, it is the same sun that shines upon our old home; the same that lights the pathway of your brave husband; and—" She ceased suddenly; and Madame Lepina, wiping away the tears, said:

"Yes; and that also of the brave Lagare. Is it not so, Ida? Is it not that which gives to your words a sound of joy and hope?"

There was no time for explanation; for ere the words had left her lips, a sound was heard at the door, and the grim jailer entered; and in the darkened twilight, they saw that another form followed him, by the light at the open door.

"Fifteen minutes," said the jailer, in answer to a whispered question from the stranger. "I shall watch outside, and knock for you at the expiration of that time."

The jailer placed a small lamp in the hand of the new comer; and he came forward to where the prisoners were waiting in breathless suspense. As the lamp shed its rays over his face, Ida gave a glad shriek that stirred the very depths of the stranger's heart.

"My Ida! is it thus that I behold you?" he asked in a low voice. "And you too, Madame Lepina? Alas! what would the poor general say, to meet you in this dungeon?"

"Dearest Carlos," whispered Ida, "speak to her only in the language of hope. She is very low in spirits, and her health constantly failing in this dismal place. Hold the light that I may see her face, which I can only dimly discern."

"My generous, true-hearted love!" said Legare, "how can I sufficiently express my admiration of your nobleness and firmness, in following the unfortunate lady hither?"

"Do not talk in that way, Carlos. Is she not my friend and benefactress—my more than mother? And how little you must have esteemed me if you thought that I could forsake her now!"

Madame roused herself from her sorrow, and asked Legare many questions; but ere he could answer half of them, he heard the harsh voice of the jailer within the door, warning him that the fifteen minutes had expired. He now made a daily visit for some weeks, and always accompanied them with some delicacies more adapted to their wants than the coarse prison fare. He won over the jailer to permit this; and his visits formed a new era in the life of the prisoners. Gradually, through the potency of his gifts to the jailer and his little girl, whom her father idolized, the time was lengthened to a half, and sometimes to a whole hour.

How sweet were those hours of communion! In after days, how did Legare recall them as the happiest that had fallen upon his life. Sometimes he would bring candles, and light up the room with such a glow as they had not witnessed for the whole of their imprisonment; but he took care to lower the light gradually, before the jailer opened the door. Once, he passed the ferocious pro-consul in the yard. A moment earlier, and his visits to the prisoners would have been stopped. He eyed him suspiciously; but as Legare had on the dress of a Swiss peasant, and carried a basket of fruit in his hand—a method to which he was obliged to resort—the pro-consul supposed him to be only a servant, and he was allowed to pass unmolested.

One day the door was rudely opened by some men while madame lay asleep. Ida motioned to them that they must not wake her, as she was ill and exhausted. They had an expression upon their countenances, of which Ida vainly tried to dispel the anxiety that it inspired in her. It was a mingling of ferocity and derision; and although she could not divine why she thought so, she was sure that it had some terrible import.

Another time—and this was in the evening—madame's name was called; and the person calling her, intimated that she must come into the passage. She was asleep; and Ida, apprehensive of some new terror for her already worn-down and exhausted charge, went herself, to answer to the call. She went back no more!

The morning preceding that terrible night, Legare had, in walking over the drawbridge which led immediately from the prison, remarked a curious boat, apparently just built. It was very broad at the bottom, capable of holding a large number of persons, and seemed better designed to float upon, than to cut the waves. It attracted his attention, and he made a pause to examine it. He perceived that an immense hole had been cut out in the bottom of the boat, and a valve introduced, to which was attached a small iron chain. He saw some persons approaching, and not willing to meet them, he turned hastily away; but the sight of that boat haunted him all day. He could not banish it from his mind. In some way he connected it with the idea of the prisoners; then, unable to arrive at any settled conclusion, he tried to banish it from his mind.

Had it been possible to make another visit that day, he would certainly have done so; but as the jailer had often told him that he was already running the risk of losing his place by admitting him daily, he contented himself with hovering about the vicinity of the prison, and feeling that he was holding ward and watch around what he truly loved. He kept walking about until after dark; and laughing at his own foolish fears, and the presentiments which he had cherished through the day, he went back to the house where he had been received on his return. He retired to rest; but sleep forsook his pillow.

He rose and paced the room until morning, longing for the hour when he might expect to be admitted to the prison. Something whispered him—or, as he tried to think, it was the effect of last night's sleeplessness—but something impressed him that there was trouble there. Madame Lepina's wearied and pallid look came to his mind, as he had seen it the morning before; and now he remembered thinking that Ida's cheek, as he held up the little spirit lamp to her countenance, looked pale and wan. He quickened his steps until he stepped upon the bridge. The boat was gone, and there were some indications that the draw had been raised since he was here the day previous. Still the feeling of dread curdled the very blood about his heart; and when he met the jailer near the door of madame's cell, he shuddered visibly.

"You will find your friend alone," the jailer remarked, as he unlocked the door.

"My friend," said Legare, "why not my friends?" And the blood left his cheek, and his hand trembled as he passed in.

The jailer sank his voice to the lowest tone. "One of them met her death last night."

"One! which—which—for God's sake, Moulins, tell me which?"

"It was madame. The pro-consul visited her last night, and she refused to answer some questions with which he assailed her about her husband. He came out, ordered the draw to be raised, and a boat brought to this step. Then madame was called out, and although it was so dark that Phillipe who had just come to relieve me, could not see her, yet he felt her presence. She came out, and her first step was into the boat; a valve in the bottom was suddenly loosened, and—you know the rest. Sacre! if I had been here, I would have pitched that man into the stream! I tell you, friend, I have not been able to go in there this morning, to see that poor desolate girl, who I suppose is her daughter."

Legare staggered forward as Moulins opened the door; but heard no sound within. A deathly stillness prevailed in the dark room, and he had just strength enough left to light the small lamp. He approached the bed; the outline of a figure met his gaze, and he drew the sheet from the face—it was that of Madame Lepina! Where, then, was Ida? A terrible thought arose in his mind; and in that of Moulins also. The latter called Phillipe, his nephew, and made him repeat the transaction of the night before.

"That sets it all at rest," said the jailer, "it must have been mademoiselle, then, who took the old lady's place."*

He spoke to unconscious ears, for Legare had fallen to the stone floor insensible. But as Moulins stooped to raise him, he touched the hand of the supposed sleeper on the bed. It was deadly cold; and starting at the chill, as he looked at her more attentively, he saw that she was dead. She had, in all probability, heard the splash, as Ida touched the water; and the shock, or her failing to return, had destroyed her.

Legare woke to consciousness and to misery. Henceforward, he became a wanderer upon the earth; and in the depths of the forest, on the mountain top, or in the seclusion of valleys, he shrunk alike from the sight or sound of a river. The rushing waters brought with them the fatal remembrance of that awful night, when, as he had often pictured the scene in imagination, Ida had sunk into the embraces of the treacherous Loire, which had never given up its dead.

Once and once only he had wept; and that was after many years, when he accidentally met the aged General Lepina; but he never breathed Ida's name, even to him. And he continued to wander among the loneliest solitudes, until, one morning he was found by some travellers, in a ravine among the Pyrenees. They raised his head, from which the warmth of life was not yet departed. He had gone to rejoin his murdered love!

* That the wife of General Lepina was doomed to such a death, and that when called to meet it, a young girl, her attendant, went forward in her place, and was drowned in a boat with a valve at the bottom, is an historical fact.

THE FLAG of our UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EASILY DONE.—There is not a village or town in the country so small, but that a club of twelve subscribers might be easily obtained for "The Flag of our Union," and the work be thus procured for each at ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS a year, besides a *gratis copy* to the person who sends the names and money. Any person desiring to form a club, can have sample copies sent free of charge, by sending us a line to that effect.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. G. W.—Medical authorities have decided that wearing a veil is injurious to the eyesight.

L. D.—Varnish the lithograph with a solution of gum-arabic laid on with camel's hair pencil. The solution should not be too strong, otherwise it will crack.

R. C.—You can obtain Dulaure's History of Paris by writing to R. Lockwood & Co., booksellers, New York.

M. C. R.—We know of no receipt to prevent the hair from turning gray.

JUVENIS.—A cabin boy is required to work hard, and his duties are those of a house servant at home.

C. C.—The drawings you send are creditable, and argue talent, but we cannot make use of them.

M. C.—We recommend Cornell's High School Geography and the accompanying Atlas, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ELLEN T., New Bedford.—The verses beginning "Sonnst spielt ich," etc., are from the German opera of the "Czar and the Carpenter."

STATIST.—Attempts to commit suicide generally occur in the months of June, July and August, rarely in November, which has been erroneously believed to be a suicidal month.

"SEPE," Woburn, Mass.—Numismatists are of opinion that the coins of Henry VII. with the head in profile, are the first English money bearing a likeness of the sovereign.

J. G., Burlington, Vt.—Messrs. Cutting & Turner, Tremont Row, in this city, execute photographs of *any* size required.

M. M. C.—You should not give more than a hundred dollars an acre for farming lands in Massachusetts, except in the immediate vicinity of a large town or city, where the profits of market-gardening are very great, and justify a heavier investment. We know of a man who pays 1500 dollars a year for manure for seven acres—and he is making money at that.

AMATEUR.—You can set out your strawberry bed as soon as spring opens.

HISTORIAN, New York.—We do not know where they are, and can give you no information respecting them.

R. M. C.—The French smugglers use dogs to accomplish their dishonest purposes. They are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier, where they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and the beginning of the night, started on their travels. They reach the abodes of their masters, which are generally selected at two or three leagues from the frontiers as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well fed and treated. Some of these dogs are worth 1200 francs apiece.

MEERSCHAUM.—Smoking is almost universal in the East. In Turkey, particularly, the pipe is perpetually in the mouth. It is one of the causes of the premature debility of the Ottomans.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

We should be doing an injustice to our readers, if we permitted the death of the truly great man whose name appears above, which occurred a few weeks since, to pass without some notice; for he was one of those illustrious characters whose fame belongs to the world, and whose loss is felt where virtue and noble principles are honored. Louis Eugene Cavaignac was born in Paris October 15, 1802, and was the second son of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac, an advocate of Toulouse, a member of the Convention and the Council of Five Hundred, director of the Public Domains at Naples, under the Empire, prefect of the Department of La Somme during the Hundred Days, exiled by the Restoration, and dying in exile at Brussels. The eldest brother of Eugene Cavaignac was Godefroy Cavaignac, editor of "La Réforme," who died in 1845, a sincere republican, an ardent and impassioned democrat, and at the same time distinguished by the aristocratic refinement of his manners. Eugene was brought up by his father and by his mother Julie de Corancez, a patrician lady devoted to liberty, an antique character, a true mother of the Gracchi.

In 1820, at the age of eighteen, he entered the Polytechnic School, whence he graduated with high honor. In 1827, we find him a captain, taking part in the Greek expedition, and distinguished for coolness and gallantry at the taking of the Morea. In 1833, he served with the African army; and in 1836, for his brilliant defence of Tlemecen he was offered the command of the battalion of Zouaves, but declined accepting it because the meritorious conduct of his comrades was not officially rewarded. For several successive years his conduct in the African campaigns raised him step by step, and he was finally placed in command of the subdivision of Tlemecen, which he pacified completely.

At the close of 1846, Abd-el-Kader crossed the frontiers of Morocco and produced a general insurrection in the subbdivision of Tlemecen. General Cavaignac opposed it with heroic vigor. Meanwhile, at Sidi-Brahim, Commandant Montagnac's battalion, carried away by its gallantry, was crushed by the enemy. The whole province of Oran flew to arms at this news. Cavaignac, with scarcely 2000 men, held his ground against this storm, and gave time to General Lamoriciere to reach him with succor. In 1846, the example of Abd el-Kader was followed up. Another emir appeared in the desert of Angad. Cavaignac, at the head of his spahis and hussars, annihilated him.

The French government then thought of extending the French dominion. Two expeditions marched for Mascara and Tlemecen. General Cavaignac, commanding one of these two expeditions, marched ninety leagues across a terrible desert, subjected the tribes he was ordered to pursue, and two months afterwards returned a victor to Tlemecen.

In December, 1847, Abd el-Kader was taken, and General Cavaignac shared in the success. A few days afterwards, he took command of the province of Oran. On the 2d of March, 1848, a foreign ship, touching at Oran, brought the news of the proclamation of the Republic at Paris. Cavaignac hastened to announce this great news to the people and the army. Soon afterward, he learned that he had been appointed division general and governor of Algeria. At the close of the year 1848, he had been made commander of the Legion of Honor.

The Provisional Government had thought of him for minister of war, but believed that he would do greater service as governor of Algeria, which the Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's son, relinquished. When it was known with what acclamations the republic had been proclaimed at Algiers, General Cavaignac was recalled to the ministry of war.

Chosen representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly by the department of Lot and the department of the Seine, General Cavaignac resigned himself to leaving Algeria, reached Paris on the 17th of May, and assumed the portfolio of war. He had been minister hardly a month, when the fatal insurrection of June broke out. The troops came up slowly, and General Cavaignac himself took a serious part in the combat, when the National Assembly declared Paris in a state of siege, and invested Cavaignac with the dictatorship. Every one remembers what terrible fighting there was for four days in the faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, how barricades were built and fiercely defended, and how they had to be turned by forcing a way through the houses on either flank, with fearful loss of life. The sappers and miners and the artillerists tore down the interior of whole blocks of buildings. Every one remembers with what energy he repressed, though almost heart-broken at a victory stained with so much French blood. The marshal's baton was offered him, but Cavaignac declined it. It was not in the streets of Paris that he wished to win that honor. The exigency that invested him with extraordinary power having ceased, he resigned that power to the nation. We might here draw a parallel between him and Louis Napoleon, who when his term of office was about expiring, perpetuated his power by an act of usurpation unequalled in audacity, in cunning and in atrocity. When that great crime was committed, Cavaignac was arrested simply because he was an honest man, and because the usurper feared him who would have made the best ruler that France ever possessed, had her destinies been committed to his hands.

Honest and proud, energetic and tenacious, the love of country and the love of liberty his predominant passions, without ambition, except to witness the triumph of his principles, devoted to abnegation, constantly forgetful of self, General Cavaignac's character was cast in the antique mould of virtue. He was great, like the ancients, with dignity and simplicity. His severe and grave language made a profound impression whenever he addressed the public or conversed with his political friends. A few years since, he married a daughter of M. Odin, one of the directors of the Bank of France, who survives to mourn him. He had a young son, four years old, to whom he leaves the most glorious of legacies—a name without a stain and universally respected.

SOMETHING TO KEEP.

Don't fail to procure a copy of BALLOU'S HOLIDAY PICTORIAL. It is a unique and beautiful sheet for Christmas and the New Year, and should be kept as a curiosity. For sale at all of the periodical depots, or by enclosing us *ten cents*, a copy will be sent by return of mail, *post paid*.

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BEATING A GHOST.—In Wheeling, Va., a young man, for five dollars, recently hired a neighbor to frighten his sweetheart, by dressing as a ghost, and advising her in a sepulchral tone—such as is used by all respectable ghosts—to marry him. Some of the fast boys caught the bogus ghost and belabored him until he called for quarter in, a manner resembling a human being. And they served him perfectly right—for there is scarcely anything more atrocious than an attempt to terrify the timid; often causing death.

LIFE AND DEATH.—"It is," says Hood, "a stern and startling thing to think how often mortality stands on the brink of its grave without any misgiving; and yet in this slipping world of strife, in the stir of human bustle so rife, there are daily sounds to tell us that life is dying and death is living."

THOUGHTS ON LIFE.—Addison says very truly: "Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age—and then to be a man of business; then to take up an estate, arrive at honor; then retire."

CURIOSITIES FOR THE MUSEUM.—The lock of the door through which silly youths have, in all ages, rushed to destruction. The band of charity, open, with a counterfeit sixpence in it.

THE WEAVING OF A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.—Two duties must run through a Christian's life, like the warp through the woof—blessing and trusting.

NANA SAHIB ON THE STAGE.

Some weeks since, the manager of one of the London theatres conceived the bright idea of getting up a grand spectacle, of which the hero should be the infamous Nana Sahib, the leader of the Indian insurrection, the sanguinary rebel who murdered Englishmen, women and children at Cawnpore, and surpassed the extremest limits of ferocity in his conduct. As might have been foreseen, the appearance of this character on the stage was hailed by the imprecations of all the spectators; fists were brandished at him, and he was loaded with insults of all sorts. But the storm increased in intensity when Nana Sahib, ascending his golden throne, ordered the massacre of the unfortunate beings who had escaped the volleys on the banks of the Ganges, and commanded their bodies to be thrown into the well, as the newspapers had described.

At this moment, the audience could hardly contain their exasperation; and for a moment it was feared they would rush upon the stage and maltreat the unfortunate performer. In fact, Nana Sahib was frightful to look upon; his "make up" was terrific. His face breathed fury, a smile of diabolical cruelty writhed his lips, and it would be impossible to describe the contemptuous attitude of the barbarous despot in dictating his inhuman orders. The actor was marvellously dressed, and his face painted to look like the portrait we published lately in our "Pictorial."

But at the close of the piece the popular emotion changed in character; the revolt is suppressed, and Nana Sahib made prisoner by Havelock's kilted Highlanders. He is brought to Calcutta and shut up in an iron cage to serve as a sport to the English, who avenge themselves by all sorts of insults for the miseries inflicted on their countrymen. At this spectacle, the applause was tumultuous. Thunders of approbation mingled with groans and hisses for Nana Sahib and cheers for Gen. Havelock. The enthusiasm was at its height; the women waved their handkerchiefs, the men their hats, and a thousand voices sang "Rule Britannia" to the music of the orchestra. A few ardent and patriotic spirits pelted the unfortunate personator of Nana Sahib with opera-glass cases, umbrella-handles and rotten apples.

When the play was over, the actor was going home in citizen's dress, but was recognized by the crowd, hustled, and had his hat knocked over his eyes amidst the hisses and hoots of the excited populace. At last the poor fellow was rescued with difficulty by a few intrepid policemen, placed in a cab and driven to his lodgings, more dead than alive, the victim of having played his part too well. "But with the morning cool reflection came." Our actor rose, shaved and dressed himself nicely, and presenting himself to the manager, demanded an addition of several pounds to his weekly salary to indemnify him for the insults and outrages he must be compelled to endure, if the piece had a run. As it promised to put money in the manager's purse, the demand was readily agreed to. Since that evening the actor never leaves the theatre without a strong police force to serve him as a body-guard, and never appears twice running in the same suit of clothes. The play, at the last accounts, was having a tremendous run, and "Nana Sahib, the butcher of Cawnpore," was nightly hissed, hooted, jeered and pelted.

THE LATE MRS. RUSH.

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which the Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's son, relinquished. When it was known with what acclamations the republic had been proclaimed at Algiers, General Cavaignac was recalled to the ministry of war.

Chosen representative of the people in the Constituent Assembly by the department of Lot and the department of the Seine, General Cavaignac resigned himself to leaving Algeria, reached Paris on the 17th of May, and assumed the portfolio of war. He had been minister hardly a month, when the fatal insurrection of June broke out. The troops came up slowly, and General Cavaignac himself took a serious part in the combat, when the National Assembly declared Paris in a state of siege, and invested Cavaignac with the dictatorship. Every one remembers what terrible fighting there was for four days in the faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, how barricades were built and fiercely defended, and how they had to be turned by forcing a way through the houses on either flank, with fearful loss of life. The sappers and miners and the artillerists tore down the interior of whole blocks of buildings. Every one remembers with what energy he repressed, though almost heart-broken at a victory stained with so much French blood. The marshal's baton was offered him, but Cavaignac declined it. It was not in the streets of Paris that he wished to win that honor. The exigency that invested him with extraordinary power having ceased, he resigned that power to the nation. We might here draw a parallel between him and Louis Napoleon, who when his term of office was about expiring, perpetuated his power by an act of usurpation unequalled in audacity, in cunning and in atrocity. When that great crime was committed, Cavaignac was arrested simply because he was an honest man, and because the usurper feared him who would have made the best ruler that France ever possessed, had her destinies been committed to his hands.

Honest and proud, energetic and tenacious, the love of country and the love of liberty his predominant passions, without ambition, except to witness the triumph of his principles, devoted to abnegation, constantly forgetful of self, General Cavaignac's character was cast in the antique mould of virtue. He was great, like the ancients, with dignity and simplicity. His severe and grave language made a profound impression whenever he addressed the public or conversed with his political friends. A few years since, he married a daughter of M. Odin, one of the directors of the Bank of France, who survives to mourn him. He had a young son, four years old, to whom he leaves the most glorious of legacies—a name without a stain and universally respected.

SOMETHING TO KEEP.

Don't fail to procure a copy of Ballou's Holiday Pictorial. It is a unique and beautiful sheet for Christmas and the New Year, and should be kept as a curiosity. For sale at all of the periodical depots, or by enclosing us *ten cents*, a copy will be sent by return of mail, *post paid.*

ILLUSTRATED CONTENTS.

THE POOR MAN'S CHRISTMAS.
THE RICH MAN'S CHRISTMAS.
MR. SPOOK'S FISHING EXPERIENCE—Twelve Illustrations.
LANDING OF COLUMBUS—Large size.
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS—Large size.
INCOMING OF THE NEW YEAR 1858.
PORTRAIT OF PETER COOPER, OF NEW YORK.
ANIMAL PROTOTYPES—Twelve Illustrations.
PORTRAIT OF Dr. C. T. JACKSON, THE AMERICAN CHEMIST.
A NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDE IN WINTER.
KANSAS INDIANS AT WASHINGTON.
PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.
WINTER SCENE IN CANADA—Lage size.
PORTRAIT OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
CHRISTMAS SCENE—Allegorical.
PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH, THE TRAGEDIAN.
A GROUP OF SEMINOLE INDIANS.
PORTRAIT OF REV. THOMAS STARR KING.
MAPLE SUGAR MAKING IN VERMONT.
AMERICAN INDIANS RECEIVING GOVERNMENT PAYMENT—Large size.
PORTRAIT OF HON. RUFUS CHOATE
MR. JOSH'S FOREIGN TRAVELS—Twelve Illustrations.
PORTRAIT OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
STREET SCENE, SUMMER ST., BOSTON.
OLD FATHER TIME AND THE CIRCUS RIDER.
BOSTON STREET SHOWMAN.
BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA.—Large size.
JOHN CHINAMAN—New York Street Character.
THE LONG SHORE MAN. " "
THE PEANUT GIRL. " "
A GENUINE GARROTER. " "
THE PERAMBULATING SHOE-BLACK. "
THE WINDOW-GLAZZ MAN. " "

☞ Secure a copy at once, as the edition is limited, and cannot be reprinted.

Beating a Ghost.—In Wheeling, Va., a young man, for five dollars, recently hired a neighbor to frighten his sweetheart, by dressing as a ghost, and advising her in a sepulchral tone —such as is used by all respectable ghosts—to marry him. Some of the fast boys caught the bogus ghost and belabored him until he called for quarter in, a manner resembling a human being. And they served him perfectly right—for there is scarcely anything more atrocious than an attempt to terrify the timid; often causing death.

Life and Death.—"It is," says Hood, "a stern and startling thing to think how often mortality stands on the brink of its grave without any misgiving; and yet in this slipping world of strife, in the stir of human bustle so rife, there are daily sounds to tell us that life is dying and death is living."

Thoughts on Life.—Addison says very truly: "Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age—and then to be a man of business; then to take up an estate, arrive at honor; then retire."

Curiosities for the Museum.—The lock of the door through which silly youths have, in all ages, rushed to destruction. The band of charity, open, with a counterfeit sixpence in it.

The Weaving of a Christian's Life.—Two duties must run through a Christian's life, like the warp through the woof—blessing and trusting.

NANA SAHIB ON THE STAGE.

Some weeks since, the manager of one of the London theatres conceived the bright idea of getting up a grand spectacle, of which the hero should be the infamous Nana Sahib, the leader of the Indian insurrection, the sanguinary rebel who murdered Englishmen, women and children at Cawnpore, and surpassed the extremest limits of ferocity in his conduct. As might have been foreseen, the appearance of this character on the stage was hailed by the imprecations of all the spectators; fists were brandished at him, and he was loaded with insults of all sorts. But the storm increased in intensity when Nana Sahib, ascending his golden throne, ordered the massacre of the unfortunate beings who had escaped the volleys on the banks of the Ganges, and commanded their bodies to be thrown into the well, as the newspapers had described.

At this moment, the audience could hardly contain their exasperation; and for a moment it was feared they would rush upon the stage and maltreat the unfortunate performer. In fact, Nana Sahib was frightful to look upon; his "make up" was terrific. His face breathed fury, a smile of diabolical cruelty writhed his lips, and it would be impossible to describe the contemptuous attitude of the barbarous despot in dictating his inhuman orders. The actor was marvellously dressed, and his face painted to look like the portrait we published lately in our "Pictorial."

But at the close of the piece the popular emotion changed in character; the revolt is suppressed, and Nana Sahib made prisoner by Havelock's kilted Highlanders. He is brought to Calcutta and shut up in an iron cage to serve as a sport to the English, who avenge themselves by all sorts of insults for the miseries inflicted on their countrymen. At this spectacle, the applause was tumultuous. Thunders of approbation mingled with groans and hisses for Nana Sahib and cheers for Gen. Havelock. The enthusiasm was at its height; the women waved their handkerchiefs, the men their hats, and a thousand voices sang "Rule Britannia" to the music of the orchestra. A few ardent and patriotic spirits pelted the unfortunate personator of Nana Sahib with opera-glass cases, umbrella-handles and rotten apples.

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Now is the time to form Clubs!!

SUBSCRIBE EARLY!!

We have made arrangements to produce in the coming year, the best volume of *The Flag of our Union* which we have yet published. It is now *twelve years* since we commenced this favorite journal, and at no time have we had so large a subscription list, or so heavy an edition as at this moment. This success is the result of no spasmodic effort, but arises from a steady, unflagging purpose to present to the public a truly valuable journal, beautifully printed upon the *finest material*, and in the best style. The new volume will commence with one of the choicest original nautical stories we have ever published, entitled:

THE SCARLET FLAG:
—OR,—
THE CARIBBEAN ROVER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The most popular novelette writer in the country, and one whose stories have found more readers than those of any writer on this side of the Atlantic. The period of this story is one of the daring Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, whose marvellous doings and strange organization will be given with vivid truthfulness.

The coming volume of *The Flag of our Union* will present the best array of *original novelettes* which we have ever given in one year, all finely illustrated by original drawings. We have several new and popular contributors also engaged, and have a fund of spicy and highly entertaining sketches, tales, and adventures in store for the coming volume.

The present popular style of our paper will be continued, and we have some additional improvements which will be introduced for the benefit and pleasure of our army of readers.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year................	$2 00
4 subscribers, " "	7 00
10 " " "	15 00

Any person sending us *twelve* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *thirteenth* copy gratis.

One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, taken together, $4 per annum.

To any person who sends us a club of *fifty* subscribers, with the money, we will present a complete set of *Ballou's Pictorial*, in *twelve* bound volumes, full gilt, with illumined covers, title pages, and indexes, uniformly and elegantly bound, the wholesale price of which is $24. Here is a chance for any person to obtain a superbly illustrated library containing over *ten thousand* brilliant engravings, without money!

M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

JOHN G. SAXE, THE POET.

An exchange paper, speaking of this son of Momus and the Muses, says: "He mounts his Pegasus with such sportful sagacity, and pricks the flanks of the winged steed with the pointed spur of his wit, we involuntarily fling up our caps and hurrah for him. There he goes up the flowery mountain, his song ringing out like the music of marriage bells—while echo cracks her lungs of air when she responds in tones of merry laughter. Personally, Mr. Saxe is a noble specimen of a man, being upwards of six feet tall, and of perfect mould. He has dark hair, rather thin in front, a full broad forehead, on which the poetical and perceptive faculties are so prominent as to be seen distinctly across the church. His eyes are blue, and his glance magnetic as a flash of lightning. He is a ready and eloquent extempore speaker. Mr. Saxe has been liberally educated—is a gentleman in dress and address—never descends to coarseness—never violates the code of taste—never utters a sentence that will offend the most fastidious. In politics he is a hunker democrat, but that must be owing to early education, or the circumstances by which he is surrounded, for he has a heart which sympathizes with the masses. His love for humanity runs through his poetry and his prose, 'like a honey-suckle in a hedge of June.'"

DRY GOODS.

When our friends come to Boston to purchase dry goods, let them not fail to call on S. J. Wilcox & Co., our next door neighbor, at No. 24 Winter Street. The great advantage possessed by this extensive establishment is that they purchase their goods for *cash*, and can sell their goods just so much cheaper in proportion to their customers. We venture to say that a greater variety of ladies' wearing material, or a more excellent stock as to quality, cannot be found in Boston or New York, while the prices defy competition! Messrs. Wilcox & Co. have a splendid new store, and an entire new stock of goods.

Pacific Farming.—California bids fair to lead the world in agriculture. In San Jose, a pumpkin was raised this year weighing one hundred and sixty pounds. It grew from a seed which produced an aggregate of sixteen hundred pounds of pumpkins. An apple tree in the nursery of Mr. Lindsay, at Union, Humboldt Bay, which is not much higher than a man's head, bore eighty-one apples that would average half a pound in weight, making over forty pounds of fruit. The weight of the fruit would exceed that of the tree, roots, branches and leaves.

A fearful Account.—It is stated that the Crimean war cost all its parties more than a million dollars a day, without taking into account the actual waste of property or the financial loss in the sacrifice of seven hundred and fifty thousand men.

Boston Museum.—The last scenic spectacle at this popular place of amusement is "The Nymphs of the Rhine," a new version of "The Naiad Queen," put upon the stage with great splendor and completeness.

Killed by a Bull.—A young man named Jacob Smith, while in a field near Fairview, Alleghany county, was attacked by a bull and so badly gored that he died soon afterwards.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Herman Melville's lecture on Roman statuary has met with great and decided success.

Beauty improves us: sitting on mahogany deprives us of the propensity to whittle.

Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, is now a chevalier of the order of the Red Eagle of Russia.

If our afflictions be heavy we must seek the society of greater sufferers than ourselves.

An alligator was recently killed at the Belize, Miss., nearly eaten up by shrimps.

Sallust remarked of Cato that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Driesbach's giraffe, the only one in this country, and worth $5000, died lately at Cincinnati.

Fame is difficult to be obtained by all, particularly by those who thirst for it.

Mr. George Jamieson and Mrs. Annie Senter, think of visiting England professionally.

In our present condition, our minds are, as it were, checkered by truth and falsehood.

Mrs. Wood, the celebrated vocalist, has been giving a series of concerts at Leeds, England.

If you banish modesty she carries away with her half the virtue in the world.

Geo. Copway, the Indian (Kah-ge-ga-wa-bow-wow-wow), has made a political speech in N. Y.

Modesty is an exquisite sensibility that warns us of the first approach of what is hurtful.

A father and son were lately sent to Auburn Prison, N. Y., for passing counterfeit money.

The money-getting passion reigns most in those who have few good qualities to commend them.

A family of more than twenty persons have been tried for robberies and murders in France.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind as a strong, steady, masculine piety.

The most difficult word to write well is "Egypt"—all the letters being long.

Juvenal, the Roman satirist, says that there is seldom common sense in high fortune.

The art of healing is little else but the inculcation of rules of exercise and temperance.

The Continental powers of Europe are adopting measures to check emigration to America.

Two words contain the vowels in their regular order—"Facetiously" and "Abstemiously."

Make your whole repast of one dish: every animal but man adopts this course of living.

Time, Punch says, is called masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies.

The two great errors into which mistaken devotion betrays, are enthusiasm and superstition.

REMEMBER!

With the present number of the *Flag of our Union* we close the twelfth volume and year, and all whose subscriptions end at this time will confer a particular favor upon us by renewing at the *earliest moment* after receiving this number, in order that we may print an edition equal to the demand. As we discontinue all subscriptions at the expiration of the time paid for, this timely remittance is absolutely necessary to prevent any break in the regular receipt of the paper. The brilliant nautical tale by Lieutenant Murray, entitled "The Scarlet Flag," will be commenced in the first number. Our subscribers cannot fail to observe that we are constantly adding fresh strength and improvements to our long established and favorite weekly journal, which was never so valuable as at the present moment. The Flag of our Union and Ballou's Pictorial are sent together for $4 a year.

THE COST OF TRAVEL.

A very sensible correspondent of the Boston Post is "Communipaw" (Pliny Miles); and he thus gives his experience on the above question: "During my last visit to Europe, I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I have sometimes asked my questioner to 'guess' the amount. The sum named has been usually two thousand, or two thousand five hundred dollars. It was about one-fifth the latter sum; viz., five hundred, and the very same scenes can be visited now for one-half that sum, and travel respectably."

Maiden Pluck.—A maiden lady in West port, who is possessed of considerable real estate, upon being called upon to pay her highway tax for the present year, claimed an equal privilege with the lords of the creation of working it out on the highway, and actually appeared with hoe in hand, and discharged her duty to the satisfaction of the surveyor.

Now is the time.—This is the last number of our paper for the present year. Don't fail to send your subscription *at once*, that there may be no break in the receipt of the work. Look out for number one of the new volume in which the new story commences.

Official Joke.—At Washington, lately, a verdant Yankee, expectant for office, was advised to apply for the consulship at the Lobos Islands, *vice Guano removed.* He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

Sudden Death.—Andrew Isbell died suddenly at Milford, Conn., a few days since, as the result, it is supposed, of breaking a blood vessel while trying to subdue a fractious horse a few days before.

Plenty of Arms.—The Bristol (R. I.) Phenix states that General Burnside has closed a contract with the Secretary of War for one thousand breech-loading rifles at $40 each.

Miss Bronte dramatized.—Madame Charlotte Birch Pfeiffer—a popular German writer of dramas—has dramatized "Jane Eyre" and Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

Birds at the South.—The Pensacola Observer says the robins in countless numbers are seeking that hospitable clime.

Love.—To love is not to prove. When the latter is attempted, the former often fails.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The French Artist: or, Life Scenes in the gay Capital," a tale of the stirring times of the old French Revolution, by Oliver Bounderby.
"The Warning," verses by James Franklin Fitts.
"Lord Roscoe's Curse," a story by Mrs. E. A. W. Hopkins.
"Ines and Mary," stanzas by Charles Stewart.
"The Cathedral Picture," a tale by Alice C. Benton.
"A Question," in verse, by Arthur Gilman.
"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of the Great Eastern Steamship, the Leviathan of the Deep.

Representation of Spanish Belles of Madrid.

Picture of the Reception of Columbus at the Spanish Court by Ferdinand and Isabella, on his return from his first voyage of discovery in America.

Scenes in Portland, Maine, showing, first, a general view of the city, the great Eastern Depot, and Wharves for the great Steamer; second, a view of the New Baptist Church on Free Street; third, the great Eastern Depot on Commercial Street; and, fourth, a view in Congress Street.

Portrait of Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Boston.

View of the City of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Picture of a Hindostanee Dhoolie, or Hospital Litter.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depot in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

It is stated that there are no less than thirty-three Mormon meeting-houses in London and the suburbs.

The English government has granted a pension of £30 a year to the mother of the late Mr. Hugh Miller.

Rev. George Crabbe, eldest son of the poet Crabbe, died recently in England, at the age of seventy-two years.

The tunnel of the Haunstein, in Swizerland, has at last been cut through, establishing relations with Zurich, Lucerne, and Berne.

There is now in the shop of a Glasgow goldsmith a nugget from the Australian mines weighing four hundred ounces. It is valued at £1600.

Large quantities of sprats are weekly sent to London from the east coast of Scotland to be manufactured into sardines. Young herrings are also used for this purpose.

A beautiful painted window has just been erected in the north aisle of Chichester Cathedral by the treasurer, as a thank-offering for his recovery from a long and painful illness.

Silver coinage for Canada is in course of preparation. The obverse of the coin is to be the queen's portrait, and the reverse a wreath of maple, with the value of the coin in the centre.

The Patrie (French paper) has been visited with "a warning" for an article suggesting remedial measures for the monetary crisis, on the ground that this article was of a nature to create ill-founded alarm.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the Genevese historian of the Reformation, took an active part in the late Berlin Convention, discoursing in three languages. According to descriptions of him, he has grown gray with age and labor, and would hardly be recognized from the current portraits.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He is a wise man who tries to correct his errors.

Each day brings its labor, and happy is he who loves his duty too well to neglect it.

We suffer more from anger and grief, than from the very things for which we anger and grieve.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appears.

A man can no more believe with another man's faith, than he can satisfy his hunger by seeing another man eat.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

The ground of almost all our false reasoning is, that we seldom look any further than on one side of the question.

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

Providence has so ordained it that only two women have an interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children.

The scrutiny of human nature on a small scale is one of the most dangerous of employments; the study of it on a large scale is one of the safest and truest.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.

If you want to enjoy good health, excellent appetites, and ruddy complexions, throw open your doors, hoist your windows, and give the pure air a chance to circulate where it will do good.

Great and rare heart offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also is friendship, especially when it follows love.

Joker's Budget.

Eating one's meat with a silver fork, while the butcher's bill has not been paid, is called genteel.

A late traveller says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland, that it freezes the fire out.

Why shouldn't you sell anything to a man in bed? Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying upon tick."

"I never go late to a friend's dinner," said Boileau, "for I have observed that when a party is waiting for a man, they make use of the interval to load him with abuses."

A gambler, who had been thrown out of the window for cheating at cards, was compelled by his friends "never to play again except on the ground floor."

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking with his sister in a churchyard, and reading the epitaphs, said to her: "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

A locomotive on one of the principal railroads has been adorned with the title, "I still live.' That is more than many of the passengers can say at the end of the journey.

Young lady.—"Well, Adolphus, I suppose you find yourself as successful as ever with the fair sex?" Adolphus (surveying her dimensions).—"Yes, but I find it takes me longer to get round them."

A woman up town put her baby in the washing tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried, when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out to dry.

At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up Drew's Essay on Souls, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who very innocently, but to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoemaking to sell."

Quill and Scissors.

On the evening of the 27th ult., at Centralville, Md., Miss Goldsborough, as was her wont, upon retiring to her room for the night, sat down before the fire to read awhile, when she fell asleep and her clothes took fire. Before those in the house could come to her relief she was so horribly burned that her flesh fell in flakes upon the floor. She died early the following morning.

Eight hundred ships are annually loaded in Quebec with lumber. The average value of each cargo is £800, making a total of £640,000. The half of this immense sum is paid out in cash—to the farmer for his produce, and for the use of his teams during the winter; to the mechanic for his work; and to the 2500 laborers who are engaged in the trade.

The Cincinnati Gazette relates the story of a young lady, aged eighteen, who, while on a visit to some friends near Columbia, became so attached to a mocking bird there, that when the bird died she went mad with grief and attempted to commit suicide by stabbing herself with a pair of scissors.

The mansion at the fine old seat on James River, known as "Wyanoke," was destroyed lately by fire. This was one of the most venerable residences on the lower James, and constituted one of the objects of interest and attraction to all travellers on the river as a relic of "old Virginia."

During a late gale, a brakeman named Cushmyer, in the employ of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, was blown from his stand on the platform of a freight car, while running at full speed, the wheels passing over him, and killing him instantly.

Lewis, who some time since absconded from London with some $30,000 of other people's money, has been overhauled by a London detective in New York, and £900 recovered, and there are hopes of obtaining some £1000 more.

In the Tennessee Senate, Mr. Goodpasture presented a memorial from citizens of Scott county, asking to be released from taxation on account of the hard times, and that an appropriation of $4000 or $5000 be made for their benefit.

A leading cotton manufacturer of Hampden county, says there is not a three months' supply of cotton in the country. If this be true, the mills must soon resume work, or prices will rapidly advance before spring.

It has been ascertained, by chemical analysis, that the water supplied to a portion of the citizens of Norwich, Ct., through lead pipes, contains lead in solution to the amount of four grains per gallon.

A number of cotton planters in Central Georgia have called a meeting for the purpose of organizing into an association to send their cotton, by means of an agent of their own, direct to Liverpool.

Miss Lucena Wyman, 85 years old, was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire in the Marlboro', Mass., poor house. Many years ago her mother perished in the same way in the same room.

It is estimated that a thousand barrels of cod oil are annually brought into the town of Beverly by her fishermen. It is sold to leather curriers. The present value is about $13 a barrel.

In New York, J. B. Holmes, convicted of forging his wife's name to a deed, was sentenced to hard labor in the State Prison for fourteen years and six months.

Rev. J. S. Dubes, pastor of the German Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa., has married since May, 1823, fifteen hundred and sixty-three couples!

Mrs. Norton, of Perry, Me., shot a burglar last week, and then fainted away. Many women (and men too) would have done the first thing foremost.

Capt. Linus Washburn, of Middleboro', recently deceased, was buried by the side of his five wives, the last of whom died one year ago.

Hon. John Pierpont, of Vergennes—a native of Litchfield—has been appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

The Philadelphia Ledger, repudiating both "telegraph" and "telegram," heads its lightning despatches "Morseotypes."

The first passage by steam to Europe, was made in 1819, by the steamship Savannah, from New York to Liverpool.

The first steam-engine locomotive was built in Philadelphia, in the fall of 1832.

Amherst College has two hundred and twenty-one students this year.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John C. Taylor to Miss Diana L. Lynds.

By Rev. Mr. Field, Mr. Henry Chadbourn to Mrs. Sarah Lydia Green.

By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Daniel W. Janes to Miss Caroline N. Taylor.

By Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Charles E. Pope, of Milton, to Miss Sarah E. Benjamin.

By Rev. Mr. King, Mr. John F. Merrow to Miss Mary L. Bragdon.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. John Kinnean to Miss Phillippa R. Grose.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lawrie, Mr. Albert B. Toppan to Miss Amelia P. Jacobs.

At Watertown, Mr. Charles E. C. Breck, of Milton, to Miss Mary S. Stone.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Charles Stevens to Miss Nancy H. Piper.

At Winthrop, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Capt. William B. Floyd to Miss H. Augusta Wilson.

At Swampscot, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Waldo Thompson, Esq. to Miss H. R. Bradford.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Shackford, Mr. Alexander C. Stetson, of New York, to Miss Annie M. Ingalls.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Oliver H. Perry to Miss Harriet Gilmore.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Amos Coffin to Miss Carrie W. Frothingham.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Amos J. Brooks to Miss S. Jeannette Thayer.

At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Augustus W. Dupee, of Boston, to Miss Eliza M. Dibble.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Harvey H. Fish, of Boston, to Miss Anna M. Shaw.

At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Swallow, Mr. Alexander P. Moore to Miss Emelie F. Coffin.

Deaths.

In this city, Dea. Joseph Lincoln, 73; Mr. Thomas B. Pearson, 31; Mr. David Lyon; Joseph Hussey, Esq., 78; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mayo, 79; Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Mr. Joel Nason, 70; Mr. Francis Chandler, 41; Mr. George W. Rich, 24; Mrs. Rowena Mitchell, 24; Mr. Thomas Clark, 38; Widow Ann Bradley, 60; Mrs. Catherine Carley; Mr. Joseph James Clark, 29; Widow Mary C. Briggs, formerly of Springfield, 54.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Lovett, 85; Mr. Nelson Merrill, 26; Mrs. Elizabeth Sparhawk, 67.

At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Sarah A. Pear, 90; Miss Susan M. Fuxzard, 29.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Clara E. Carleton Ward, 19.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Sophia B. Guild, 35; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hunneman, 54.

At Lexington, Mrs. Abbie P. Conant, 22.

At Watertown, Widow Susan Waitt, 76.

At South Dedham, Dea. William Everett, 35.

At Newburyport, Widow Hannah Plummer, 58; Mr. Moses Moody, 79; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Nelson, 20.

At Salisbury, Miss Merriam Merrill, 89.

At Georgetown, Maj. Paul Nelson, 83.

At Haverhill, Widow Betsey Hunting, 72.

At Greenfield, Mr. Thomas Butler, 50.

At Worcester, Mr. Abraham Briggs, 88.

At Grafton, Widow Elizabeth Holbrook, 83.

At Sturbridge, Mr. Everett L. Sawyer, 21.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Jennette P. McCulloch, 29.

At Windham, Mrs. Mary A. Nesmith, 26.

At Hopkinton, Mr. Thomas Beeton, 75.

At Taunton, Mrs. Mary G. Tarrant, 79; Widow Rachel Clark, 86.

At South Sandwich, Widow Jane Hoxie, 89.

At Deerfield, Mrs. Sarah Holbrook, 95.

At South Attleboro', Mr. Jeremiah Pierce, 94.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FLOW ON, RIVER, FLOW.

BY JOHN CARTER.

Flow on, river, flow,
All darkly and slow,
Flow peacefully on to the sea;
There is a star on thy breast,
Where the twilight doth rest,
And there's peace on thy bosom for me.

I have sundered the coil
Of heart-wearing toil,
I have quit the life-struggle awhile,
And I seek thee to night,
All stained with the fight,
To forget it and gaze on thy smile.

Thou art flowing along,
Defiant and strong,
Heeding lightly the trials of youth,
While trembling I stand,
Nor heed the command,
Urging on to the rescue of truth.

O, the foeman is strong,
And the fight must be long,
And mine armor is heavy to bear—
I must rest here awhile,
And my spirits beguile,
Lest to-morrow I sink in despair.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PICNIC.

BY LIZZIE LEIGH.

One lovely morning in June, a few months after the close of the war of 1812, an unusual bustle might have been observed in the village of Woodford—one of those charming spots with which New England abounds, a dimple upon the face of earth, where nature has bestowed with lavish prodigality such varied charms of landscape as would throw an artist into an ecstacy; but O, if he could have seen those groups of girls, as they hasten with quick steps and eager faces through the long street, he would have thrown down his pencil in despair. Here they come, in parties of two and three—and how fast their tongues are running! They ascend the steps of the "Conference Room," which from time immemorial has been devoted to the use of town meetings, prayer meetings, temperance lectures, and all other business which concerns the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of our village.

What can be the cause of this unwonted excitement? Why, that is easily explained. Squire Johnson, the postmaster, has just come from Boston, and has brought the news that in a few days a detachment of soldiers, commanded by several officers whose names had recently been enrolled upon the lists of fame, and whose gallant deeds had won the admiration of the whole country, will pass through Woodford; and these young and joyous maidens, who inherit from their grandmothers the spirit, as well as the beauty of '76, have called a meeting to consult on what way they, simple country girls though they be, can best show their appreciation of the valiant deeds of these youthful heroes.

But hark! the meeting is called to order, and Miss Amanda Benson is requested to preside. Miss Amanda is a lady of very uncertain age indeed, and her thin, angular form, and stiff demeanor, form a queer contrast to the gay, blooming girls who surround her. For the last fifteen years she has been the village schoolma'am—and what a vision of power and consequence does that simple word summon before us! Sue Brooks, the madcap of the village, suggests that as Miss Amanda has so long taught "the young idea to shoot," she must be the best authority on all military matters; so that perpendicular damsel is unanimously voted into the chair, and with great stateliness opens the meeting by saying:

"Young ladies, upon this auspicious day we have assembled to deliberate in what manner we may best show our gratitude to those gallant sons of Mars, who are now returning from the ensanguined fields upon which they heroically jeopardized their existence in our behalf, and to save their young and lovely countrywomen"—"I wonder if that includes herself," whispered Sue Brooks—"from," continued Miss Amanda, "sharing the fate of Boadicea, who I trust you remember, young ladies, was led by chains attached to the wheels of her victor's chariot."

"I believe they have only baggage-wagons and gun-carriages now-a-days," interposed the incorrigible Sue.

"Shall we then," continued Miss Amanda, "submit it to vote how we can best testify our appreciation of the valor of our expected guests?"

Hereupon rose such a hubbub, so many voices speaking at once, as can only be realized by remembering that this was exclusively a feminine conclave.

"Well," exclaimed Sue, "I vote for any way in which we can have plenty of fun."

"Fun, indeed!" said Miss Luna Hunt, a young damsel, with long flaxen ringlets and a very sentimental expression, who had just returned from boarding-school, a complete innovation upon the customs of Woodford, and who considered that this fact constituted her an oracle in all matters of taste, fashion and etiquette. "Fun, indeed! Sue Brooks, I never saw a girl who had so little soul; I think it would have a charming effect if one of the prettiest among us—one who had seen something of the kind—were to be selected to make a speech and crown the gallant heroes with laurels. When I was in New York, I saw Commodore Decatur's reception."

"Well," exclaimed Sue, "that's pretty plain, upon my word. Hadn't you better say at once that Miss Luna Hunt will volunteer to do it? No, no—that isn't what we want, at all! Do, somebody, propose something. Why, how stupid all you girls are!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Sue!" here joined in pretty, gentle Mary Peters. "Suppose we get up a quilting? That would be pleasant, I think."

"Of course it would!" exclaimed Sue. "And I suppose the officers must lay down their swords and arm themselves with needles and scissors—a second edition of Hercules and Queen Omphale! There, Miss Amanda! you see I do remember something of my lessons, if you did always say I was the most idle girl in school. All that is too tame—they wont like it, I know!"

"Well," said Miss Amanda, "whatever you decide upon, I think it had better commence with a prayer-meeting!"

"O, Miss Amanda!" almost shrieked Sue. "I would just as lief it would rain in torrents, as to adopt that suggestion; it would certainly be dashing cold water upon whatever we do. I have a brilliant idea, girls; what do you say to a picnic?"

"O, capital! capital!" resounded on all sides. "But where can we go?"

"I am sure, there are plenty of places," said Sue. "There's Porter's Rocks—that's just the spot!"

"So it is," agreed Luna. "It will be delightful to wander among those cliffs with a gallant soldier, and listen to his description of the 'tented field,' while we hang upon his words—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Sue; "there are plenty of wild grape vines there, which I had rather hang on and have a good swing—and I rather guess they would bear us up better, too, Luna!"

"Wal, do you gals stop sparring," said Miss Prudy Jones, a spinster "fair, fat and forty," and an universal favorite in the village. "I guess these fellows will be e'enamost tuckered out when they get here, and mebby they'll want to rest."

"O, Miss Prudy," said Luna, "it is the devoir of a gallant knight never to be tired in the presence of his liege lady!"

"Wal, I don't exackly understand what you are drivin' at, Luny," answered Miss Prudy. "But talking of what he devours—though I don't think that is a pretty word, myself—what are you goin' to have to eat?"

"Here," interposed Miss Amanda, "let me protest against having anything spirituous!"

"No, indeed," said Sue; "Miss Amanda wants everything spiritual."

"O Sue," said Margaret Allen, "do for pity's sake let your tongue rest a minute. First of all, I expect we must have a roasted pig."

"Mercy, no!" exclaimed Sue. "That would be real good, but I suppose Luna would say it wasn't genteel!"

"Wal," as usual began Miss Prudy, "when I was a gal, we had a sort of party like this here, and I remember we did have the best pies I ever did see. Miss Brown—old Colonel Brown's wife—she died afore any of you gals was born; wal, she made the punkin pies—and they was first-rate. But I suppose you want something finer than them—there's so many new-fangled notions now-a days; but I tell you what—I wont give up to nobody a makin' doughnuts, and I'll make as many on 'em as you want."

This proposition was received with great acclamation, as Mrs. Prudy was really unrivalled in this branch of culinary art, and her doughnuts were the admiration of all Woodford.

"I suppose," said Luna, "we must have all kinds of cake—lady cake, fruit cake, pound cake, sponge cake, cider cake—"

"O yes," interrupted Sue, "certainly; and johnny cake, too—you needn't laugh, girls. I'll warrant many's the time any of these poor fellows would have given a great deal for a smoking hot johnny cake, and a nice roll of golden butter—please don't faint, Luna; you know there are no gentlemen here, and a *feint* would be all thrown away upon us."

"Come, girls," said Mary Peters, "if we waste so much time talking, we can't do anything else; and there's a great deal of preparation to be made. We had better decide what provisions we want; I will furnish a fine ham and plenty of tongue—"

"You had better let Sue Brooks do that," laughed one of the girls; whereupon Sue shook her curly head and menaced the offender with her little hand.

"I will get mother to make her best chicken-pies," said Alice Franklin; "and they are as good as any in the whole country. Shall we have some lobsters boiled?"

"No," said Sue, "that would never do; their red coats would look as if they were trying to follow the officers' fashions. We must make all the cake we can, look as pretty as we can, and have as pleasant a party as we can. For my part, I confess that I intend to fall desperately in love."

"O dear," said Luna, "I am so sorry that I have not taken more care of my complexion since I came from New York! I really thought, this morning, that I saw two or three freckles on my face. If I had only known that there was even a chance of seeing anybody in Woodford, I would have brought up some of the wash that the girls at school used."

At this moment, with an air of mysterious importance, Miss Amanda announced that she had in her possession a very wonderful cosmetic, and laying aside some of her dignity, she said:

"I am aware of the fact that it is peculiar to our sex to wish to appear charming in the eyes of mankind; and as we are all girls together, I will inform you that I have a bottle of May-snow water, which I carefully selected from the purest snow in Love Lane, at the witching hour of twilight; and what, young ladies, can more fitly lave the brow of maiden purity than this infallible cosmetic?"

The girls listened with delighted attention. They already seemed to see whole gardens of roses and lilies blooming upon their faces, and after enjoying for a moment their surprise and delight, Miss Amanda resumed:

"I propose that on the evening which precedes the eventful day, we all assemble at the school-house, and each gently bathe her fair brow with this nectar, which might have flowed from the Fountain of Eternal Youth, so long and vainly sought."

"Only," said Sue, in an undertone, "if Miss Amanda could discover that wonderful fountain, she would keep it to herself, I know." And then speaking aloud: "We certainly must return a vote of thanks to Miss Amanda, girls, for her generosity in allowing us to partake of the virtues of her cosmetic. But time is rapidly passing away, and the invitation must be written. I propose that Miss Amanda be requested to draw it up."

This was immediately agreed to, as Miss Amanda was the wisest, and let me whisper, unquestionably the oldest of the party. Writing materials being produced, Miss Amanda selecting the finest nibbed pen and the stiffest glazed paper, commenced her task, much to the disappointment of Luna, who had secretly hoped that this duty might have devolved upon her, and had been preparing a poetical invitation.

But see! Miss Amanda rises, and with a majestic wave of the hand, exclaims:

"Young ladies, I claim your attention for a few moments, while I submit the result of my labors for your approbation." And she read:

"Gentlemen,—The young ladies of Woodford, deeply impressed with the glorious achievements of their gallant countrymen, have deputed me to solicit the honor of your presence at a picnic, to be given by them on Thursday, June 10th, at 12 M. May I express the hope that the Fates may prove auspicious, and that Sol with undimmed refulgence may usher in the morn of our *convivium rurale?* The favor of a reply is requested."

A buzz of approbation followed, and then Miss Prudy's voice was heard:

"I can't make out the last part—what sort of language is that ere?"

"O," said Luna, "I believe that is Latin; but Miss Amanda, French is so much more fashionable now, wont you alter it and say *fête champêtre*, instead of that Latin?"

"Wal," said Miss Prudy, "for my part, I wouldn't have nothin' of the kind; if them sogers are the men I take them to be, I guess they like the plain English best."

"No, Miss Prudy," laughed Sue; "they have had quite enough of the English, lately, and I think they would infinitely prefer a little Yankee."

But the important missive was voted perfection itself, carefully sealed with the device of a wounded heart supplied by Miss Luna, and conveyed to Deacon Smith, the landlord, who promised that it should be delivered to the officers immediately upon their arrival; and the girls, in a fever of expectation, hurried home to commence their preparations.

About noon the next day the enlivening strains of military music announced to the eager villagers that the long looked for had come at last; and the troops marched into Woodford, hailed with loud acclamations on all sides. But the ladies had determined to seclude themselves, preferring to reserve the effulgence of their charms for the great day to which they were looking forward—but truth compels me to admit that there was a great deal of peeping from behind the blinds and the pretty white curtains which adorned the windows.

Deacon Smith faithfully fulfilled his commission, and in the course of an hour might have been seen wending his way to the abode of Miss Amanda, whom he found anxiously awaiting him. In a moment the note is in her hands, and she hastens to summon the crowd of happy girls around her, that they may all hear the precious document. With a gesture to which her auditors for years had been familiar, she enjoined silence, and read:

"Ladies,—Words are insufficient to express our gratitude for the honor you confer upon us; it will nerve our hearts, and inspire us to emulate the deeds of our forefathers, when we reflect that Beauty has deigned to approve our feeble efforts. It has been our boast that we never capitulated, but on Thursday, the 10th inst., we will joyfully yield ourselves captives to the lovely belles of Woodford."

"Isn't it beautiful?" was the universal comment. And Luna's countenance beamed, as she sighed forth:

"At last I trust I have found a kindred mind. That note is so full of soul, its mellifluous words fall upon my ear like the genial breath of spring, when—"

"Luna, your mother says your cake will burn, if you don't take it out of the oven," slyly interrupted her tormentor Sue

But we must transport our readers to the proposed scene of festivities, and we feel confident that they will all agree with Sue that it is just the place they wish. In the foreground, flows the bright and beautiful river Rapid, with its gracefully curving banks, as if the water-nymphs, covetous of the brilliant hued flowers which so profusely adorned the green sward, had overleaped its barrier in order to reach the prize. In the distance rolls the mighty Atlantic, a sovereign monarch, receiving the tribute of our beautiful river. Embosomed in trees, we see the village with its spires pointing heavenward, and its pretty cottages—conveying to the mind a charming picture of peace and rural happiness. The air is odorous with the delicious perfume of the wild-grape and the swamp-rose.

"The haughtiest heart its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here."

And in addition to the gorgeous scenery, History has with an iron pen engraved deeply upon the rocks an incident which we may lay before our readers at some future time.

But what ungainly figure presents itself, as if to mar by its uncouth aspect the grace of all around? Hold; let us introduce you to Corporal Tim, a veteran of '76, who, after the close of the Revolution, had returned disabled to his native village. Tim had occupied an humble position on the muster-roll, but not in his own estimation. In his stories of the war, he always associated his own name with that of the commander-in-chief, giving to himself the most prominent position. His narrations generally commenced with—"When I and General Washington." But with all his oddities, Tim's sterling integrity, his deferential manner, and the knowledge that he had indeed done good service on many a well-fought field, had caused him to be looked upon with respectful consideration, and he was the oracle of Woodford. To this veteran, our young friends had confided the arrangements of their picnic, and Tim, proud of the trust reposed in him, resolved to do all in his power to fulfil their wishes. It must be confessed that he rather looked down upon the expected guests, for "what could men know of war who had never fit under the gineral?" Still he resolved to make as fine a show as possible, and scoured the country far and near for military equipments, even going all the way to Boston to procure a flag. A few muskets were arranged in the centre of a plat of grass, a large drum, probably a relic of Tim's Revolutionary days, for it was badly cracked and, like himself, nearly worn out in the service, and towering above all, floated the glorious stars and stripes.

Corporal Tim gazed around, and with a sigh of ineffable satisfaction, soliloquized:

"Well, I guess I've done it up slick now; it does look beautiful. But I wonder where on airth Sue Brooks is; she said that she and t'other gals was comin' to fix up here. I hope they wont spoil what I've done."

At this moment a puff of wind stirred the heavy folds of the flag, and as it spread itself to the breeze, poor old Tim's mood changed, and with bared head and upturned eye, he exclaimed:

"Yes, I know I am nothin' now but a poor old soldier, crippled and worthless, but when I and General Washington fit under that flag, times was different. God bless it, says I, and he will bless it, for he always prospers the right; I would die to save it from any stain, and when the last roll is called, and poor old Tim answers to his name, may that be the last thing his eyes rest upon."

And with a feeling which seems misplaced in such an uncouth frame, big tears course down down his rugged cheeks, as he gazes upon the flag. But in a moment the old soldier is "himself again," and quickly turning, he cries:

"Halt! who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply; and in a moment, the light form of Sue Brooks appeared, followed by several of her companions.

Casting a satisfied glance around, Sue exclaimed:

"Why corporal! how well you have succeeded! I knew that you would do better than we could!"

"Why yes, Sue," said Tim; "I tried to fix up jest like I and the gineral did once at Germantown, when Miss Washington was comin' to the camp."

"Well," said Sue, "I know that she must have been delighted; and now if you will be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, we will set the tables."

And they all left the scene again in unbroken repose.

That evening being the regular weekly meeting of the village singing-school, the beaux of Woodford, who had been quiet observers of what was transpiring, and patiently waiting for the invitation that they knew would be extended to them, were asked by the young ladies to meet their military friends on the following day. They joyfully accepted the invitation; and at a signal from his companions, Everard Graham, the gifted young lawyer of the village, stepped forward, and said:

"We are delighted, ladies, that you give us the privilege of meeting men whom the country delights to honor; but we cannot consent to remain inactive ourselves. It were a shame to manhood, were we to seem indifferent to the brave men who have aided in throwing fresh lustre on the name of Americans, and we propose, if it meets your approbation, to beg the officers to become our guests, to-morrow evening, at a ball we intend to give them at Deacon Smith's hall."

How lightly beamed every eye, and how lightly danced every heart! And many glances, betokening more than mere friendship, were exchanged between the young men and maidens.

"But," laughed Sue, "I thought the deacon had conscientious scruples against dancing?"

"Yes," answered Graham; "but his patriotism exceeds those scruples, and he has placed the hall at our service. And in the name of the young men of Woodford, I beg that the ladies will honor us with their presence."

When the singing-school was over, the ladies accepted the escort of the young men as far as the school-house, where they dismissed them imperatively, much to their astonishment; and after each had bathed her face in Miss Amanda's snow-water, that precise lady setting the example, they retired to dream of the morrow.

Early in the morning the girls were on the ground—and we wish the reader could have seen the result of their labors! Epicurus himself would have been enchanted. Tim's experience in camp life had taught him how to make the tables; and he only regretted the absence of camp-stools, which were supplied by benches from the school-house. The tables were covered by snowy cloths, decorated with flowers, and almost hidden by every variety of cake, beautifully iced and ornamented; the most luscious strawberries, flanked by large pitchers of golden cream, tempted the eye, as well as the palate; a profusion of rich ruby-colored cherries, Mrs. Franklin's chicken-pies, Miss Prudy's doughnuts, dishes of every kind of delicate preserves, transparent forms of jelly—everything, indeed, which could be made, was there.

A little before twelve, the ladies made their appearance—and then presented itself a scene of unrivalled beauty! In their dresses of pure white muslin, relieved by ribbons of every hue, they exhibited all that loveliness which is so common among our New England rustic belles; expectation and excitement had lent a brighter glow to every cheek, as attended by the village beaux, they awaited the coming of the officers.

But here they are! and we must present them to our readers, as well as to the ladies. Captain Irving, whose noble face and manly form won universal admiration; Lieutenant H——, who has since exchanged the camp for the forum, and won equal renown in both professions; Lieutenant W——, alike distinguished for his bravery and modesty; Lieutenants Manly and Howard, Doctor Jones, and half a dozen others. Anticipating a delightful day, the officers had all accepted the invitation save one unfortunate subaltern, whose hard fate it was to be "officer of the day." Miss Amanda received them with one of her most grandiloquent speeches, abounding in polysyllables, which at first somewhat daunted the gentlemen, till in a moment Captain Irving, who seemed intuitively to read her character, replied in a speech of few words but many syllables, and with a merry sparkle of the eye which won for him a glance of approbation from Sue. Then intermingling with the joyous groups, they soon made themselves very agreeable to the ladies. The young men of the village joined the happy circle, and the sparkling jest and brilliant repartee passed freely.

The amusements of the afternoon were varied. Some preferred to row upon the river in the light skiffs which the gentlemen had provided, each holding six or eight persons; others strolled among the cliffs—Luna and Lieutenant W——; and when they made their appearance again, the flaxen ringlets of the young lady were adorned with a graceful wreath of blue violets and wood anemones, while her flushed cheek and well-pleased air betokened the satisfaction with which she had listened to the compliments of the chivalrous soldier. Sue and Captain Irving had paired off—and fascinated by her beauty and vivacity, the gallant captain paid willing allegiance to the charms of our friend. Truth compels us to acknowledge that they indulged in a slight romp, and the light form of Sue bounded from cliff to cliff, as she challenged her eager pursuer to follow in her lead.

Miss Amanda, deeming all such occupations too trivial for a mind cultivated and refined as her own, opened a full battery upon Dr. Jones, who must, in her opinion, be a learned man—was he not a doctor? Therefore he must understand Latin; and upon her knowledge of that language, Miss Amanda particularly prided herself. So she most unmercifully besieged the luckless man with profound remarks, firmly believing that he was deeply impressed with the charms of her mind and person; while he, of a gay and jovial disposition, and passionately fond of the society of young people, vainly sought release from the antiquated virgin, who was determined to monopolize the only person she thought could appreciate her. In vain he cast beseeching glances at his comrades; they were all too pleasantly engaged, themselves, to heed his sufferings, and at length, making a virtue of necessity, he quietly submitted to be talked to. The other officers and the gentlemen "to the manor born" were all busily engaged in uttering soft nothings to willing though blushing fair ones, when at four o'clock Tim gave three taps upon the drum, "to call," as he said, "the stragglers into camp." The summons was obeyed, it being a preconcerted signal, and soon the strollers assembled round the table, where ample justice was done to the tempting viands before them.

Tim had retired into a natural arbor of grape-vines, which had been the scene of many a delightful *tete-a-tete* during the afternoon, and suddenly a most discordant scrape of a violin was heard, which presently softened into the then popular melody of "The Soldier's Return."

"When wild War's deadly blast was blown."

This delicate compliment was appreciated by the military guests, who were taken by surprise, and loud plaudits hailed the musician. Tim, elated by the praise, played several patriotic airs, including "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," till, without a moment's warning, he diverged into "Fisher's Hornpipe." It was beyond the power of human endurance to remain quiet any longer, and each gentleman seizing the hand of a lady, a country-dance was soon formed, to the intense delight of Tim, whose elbows seemed inspired with new vigor. The dance was carried on with great spirit, till, as the sun began to sink in the horizon, the ladies were reminded that they should have some consideration for their old friend who had furnished them with so unexpected an enjoyment; and as the gentlemen wished to thank him for the pleasure he had afforded them, Tim was called forward. Advancing, with a reminiscence of early days, he gave the military salute, and Captain Irving, taking his hand, said:

"We are happy, Corporal Strong, to make the acquaintance of a veteran who can boast the honor and happiness of having fought by the side of the immortal Washington—one of that glorious band who by their undying valor, noble self sacrifice, and indomitable energy, achieved the independence of our country; we strive, though with but faint success, to follow them in their path to fame. And we rejoice to recognize in you the attribute of a true soldier—not to rest satisfied with military laurels, but to remain ever the aid and champion of the ladies. I propose, ladies and gentlemen, that we drink the health of Corporal Strong!"

"Yes, in a cup of *strong* coffee," added Sue.

Poor Tim's delight at the captain's speech was almost ludicrous, and he was only able to say, with another salute: "Gentlemen, you are all worthy to have fit under the gineral."

But now the hour of dispersing had arrived, when the gentlemen of the village begged that instead of separating, they should only adjourn to the hall and become their guests for the evening. This proposition was joyfully assented to. On their arrival, the ladies repaired to the dressing rooms to smooth their disordered tresses, and were then ushered into the ball-room, where their exclamations of surprise and delight amply satisfied their entertainers. The gentlemen had sent to Boston for Shaw's Band, then the most famous in New England, and all the other requisites for a ball, and had spent the whole preceding night in decorating the hall with flags and evergreens. Dancing was again resumed, and all were happy—save one; poor Miss Amanda had just discovered that all her plans were frustrated, and the bright fabric of hope she had raised, was dashed to the ground—she had just learned that Dr. Jones was already blessed with a wife and large family.

The officers, grateful for the attention they had received, regretfully parted with their new friends. The day had passed off delightfully, and more true enjoyment had never been displayed in our little village than on that day. * *

In the majestic form and mature beauty of the present Mrs. General Irving we can yet recognize the features of our lovely young friend, the merry-hearted and quick-witted Sue Brooks.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Translated from the German of Uhland.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Query. Have you the castle seen—
The high castle by the sea?
Golden and rosy winds
Sweep over it lazily.

It looks as if it would bow
Low to the crystal floods;
It looks as if it would rise
To the gorgeous evening-clouds.

Answer. Yes, indeed I have seen
The high castle by the sea.
And the moon that above it stands,
And the mists, its drapery.

Query. The winds and the heaving sea—
Did they not strange sounds prolong?
Did you hear in the lofty hall
The music and festive song?

Answer. The breezes and billows all
In deepest quiet slept,
A plaintive song from the hall
I listened to till I wept.

Query. Sawest thou walking forth
The king with his queen divine?
Did her crimson mantle rustle?
His gold tiara shine?

Led they not out with delight
A pretty maiden there,
Splendid as the sun
That flashed on her golden hair?

Answer. Ah, yes,—the parents I saw,
Without the crown of light,
In deepest mourning garb:
The maiden was out of sight.

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GAINING THE CASE.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

The beautiful, bewitching Rosalinda had re[jected me; and tired and sick of the world, [I] said I would never put faith in woman more—[I] would live and die a bachelor. Rosalinda, ho[w] I had loved her! I had thought her perfection and altogether lovely. I had attended her [to] balls and parties; I had been her most devot[ed] servant, and had flattered myself she loved m[e,] but yet, when I thought matters had gone f[ar] enough to warrant proposals of marriage, sh[e] rejected me!

But of what avail are the secret sorrows [of] the heart? If our affections are rudely torn [at] night, the next morning must find us at our po[st] of duty; so, although Rosalinda had reject[ed] me by gaslight, morning found me at my usu[al] avocation, and the hundreds that I passed in th[e] street knew not the secret weight of sorrow [I] carried safely buttoned up beneath my dres[s] nought overcoat, that cold February morning.

I sat down in my office and calmly review[ed] the matter, and as I did so, I thought that af[ter] all, the lady was not so much to blame, for wh[at] had I to offer her? A very hopeful heart, [a] very respectable person, youth, a good educatio[n,] and for support, the products of a very din[gy] law office, where I often sat, day after day wi[th]out a single case. Doubtless she had been [in]fluenced by her friends, she had not den[ied] that she loved me; but we were both young, she said, which was true, and when I offered [to] wait as long as she deemed right, she still he[si]tated; no doubt her friends had told her su[ch] would be an unwise proceeding, as by that mea[ns] she might lose many eligible offers; so [she] dismissed me.

The fire over which I sat pondering th[ese] things, was miserable enough to make any o[ne] have the "blues," and as I looked up, I cau[ght] sight of the little ragged urchin whose duty was to kindle that fire, but I was in no mood [to] scold him. That very morning I determined [I] would be somebody; Miss Rosalinda should [yet] be sorry that she rejected me. So to begin m[at]ters, I stirred up the fire, put on the blow[er,] swept up the office, and then sat down to [my] books.

Two things, of which now I was nearly des[ti]tute, I must have: money and fame. So [for] months and months I read and studied, atten[ded] courts, sought acquaintances with lawyers, m[ade] myself familiar with everything which I thou[ght] would be useful to me in my future career. [It] was not long before I had some few cases; [I] managed them well, for I put my whole sou[l in] them; I gained them, and a thrill of trium[ph] passed through my heart; I had taken the f[irst] steps on the ladder, my feet were getting stea[dy;] I should go up, up.

Five years from the day that I sat so gloom[ily] over my office fire, saw me in pleasant quart[ers] and established in good standing among [the] practitioners at the bar. It had been hard w[ork] and I had sometimes almost despaired; b[ut I] had stuck to my resolve with dogged determ[ina]tion. Now I began to have money—to hav[e a] name. True, in my eagerness for these things I had lost sight of nearly everything e[lse.] The three letters, L, A, W, seemed written u[pon] everything. I had once been fond of poe[try;] Rosalinda and I used to read it together; [but] now, poetry was to me a forgotten thing; I [had] once read novels, now the sufferings of hero[ines] and the deeds of heroes were like fables. [The] new forms and usages of society were all [un]known to me; I still cut with my knife; [I] kept the temperance pledge; still looked u[pon] man as the lord of creation, and thought wo[man] only fitted for housekeepers and mothers. [So] it is no wonder that I gained the name of b[eing] eccentric: a very good lawyer, but a stra[nge] man; and there were those who had al[so] known me, who did not hesitate to asc[ribe] my little idiosyncracies to my love affair w[ith] Rosalinda.

Just about this time, a case of murder m[ade] considerable stir in the community. I had b[een] engaged by the suspected party to carry on [the] case, while the government side of the que[stion] was in the hands of the most eminent lawy[er at] the bar—one Hinckley—a man of powe[rful] subtle intellect, with the peculiar faculty [pos]sessed by some lawyers, of making black ap[pear]

...ing, who seemed intuitively to read her character, replied in a speech of few words but many ...lables, and with a merry sparkle of the eye ...ch won for him a glance of approbation from ...e. Then intermingling with the joyous groups, ...y soon made themselves very agreeable to the ...ies. The young men of the village joined the ...py circle, and the sparkling jest and brilliant ...artee passed freely.

The amusements of the afternoon were varied. ...me preferred to row upon the river in the light ...s which the gentlemen had provided, each ...ding six or eight persons; others strolled ...ong the cliffs—Luna and Lieutenant W——; ...d when they made their appearance again, the ...xen ringlets of the young lady were adorned ...h a graceful wreath of blue violets and wood ...nemones, while her flushed cheek and well-...ased air betokened the satisfaction with which ...e had listened to the compliments of the chiv-...rous soldier. Sue and Captain Irving had ...ired off—and fascinated by her beauty and ...vacity, the gallant captain paid willing allegi-...ce to the charms of our friend. Truth com-...s us to acknowledge that they indulged in a ...ght romp, and the light form of Sue bounded ...om cliff to cliff, as she challenged her eager ...rsuer to follow in her lead.

Miss Amanda, deeming all such occupations ...o trivial for a mind cultivated and refined as ...r own, opened a full battery upon Dr. Jones, ...no must, in her opinion, be a learned man—...as he not a doctor? Therefore he must under-...and Latin; and upon her knowledge of that ...nguage, Miss Amanda particularly prided her-...elf. So she most unmercifully besieged the ...ckless man with profound remarks, firmly be-...ving that he was deeply impressed with the ...arms of her mind and person; while he, of a ...ay and jovial disposition, and passionately fond ... the society of young people, vainly sought ...lease from the antiquated virgin, who was de-...rmined to monopolize the only person she ...ought could appreciate her. In vain he cast ...eseeching glances at his comrades; they were ...l too pleasantly engaged, themselves, to heed ...s sufferings, and at length, making a virtue of ...cessity, he quietly submitted to be talked to. ...he other officers and the gentlemen "to the ...anor born" were all busily engaged in utter-...g soft nothings to willing though blushing fair ...es, when at four o'clock Tim gave three taps ...on the drum, "to call," as he said, "the ...ragglers into camp." The summons was ...beyed, it being a preconcerted signal, and soon ...e strollers assembled round the table, where ...mple justice was done to the tempting viands ...fore them.

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I sat down in my office and calmly reviewed the matter, and as I did so, I thought that after all, the lady was not so much to blame, for what had I to offer her? A very hopeful heart, a very respectable person, youth, a good education, and for support, the products of a very dingy law office, where I often sat, day after day without a single case. Doubtless she had been influenced by her friends, she had not denied that she loved me; but we were both young, so she said, which was true, and when I offered to wait as long as she deemed right, she still hesitated; no doubt her friends had told her such would be an unwise proceeding, as by that means she might lose many eligible offers; so she dismissed me.

The fire over which I sat pondering these things, was miserable enough to make any one have the "blues," and as I looked up, I caught sight of the little ragged urchin whose duty it was to kindle that fire, but I was in no mood to scold him. That very morning I determined I would be somebody; Miss Rosalinda should yet be sorry that she rejected me. So to begin matters, I stirred up the fire, put on the blower, swept up the office, and then sat down to my books.

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Five years from the day that I sat so gloomily over my office fire, saw me in pleasant quarters, and established in good standing among the practitioners at the bar. It had been hard work, and I had sometimes almost despaired; but I had stuck to my resolve with dogged determination. Now I began to have money—to have a name. True, in my eagerness for these two things I had lost sight of nearly everything else. The three letters, L, A, W, seemed written upon everything. I had once been fond of poetry, Rosalinda and I used to read it together; but now, poetry was to me a forgotten thing; I had once read novels, now the sufferings of heroines and the deeds of heroes were like fables. The new forms and usages of society were all unknown to me; I still cut with my knife; still kept the temperance pledge; still looked upon man as the lord of creation, and thought women only fitted for housekeepers and mothers. And it is no wonder that I gained the name of being eccentric: a very good lawyer, but a strange man; and there were those who had always known me, who did not hesitate to ascribe my little idiosyncracies to my love affair with Rosalinda.

Just about this time, a case of murder made considerable stir in the community. I had been engaged by the suspected party to carry on the case, while the government side of the question was in the hands of the most eminent lawyer at the bar—one Hinckley—a man of powerful, subtle intellect, with the peculiar faculty possessed by some lawyers, of making black appear white; soft, smooth, polished in his language, and who had never been known to lose a case.

The facts of the case stood thus: murder had been committed—a respectable citizen had been found dead in his bed; killed, as it seemed, by a heavy blow on the head; and suspicion fastened upon a young man, a nephew of the deceased, with whom he had had some hard words. The murdered man, by name Robert Barnes, was guardian to the nephew, not yet of age, and to a niece some younger, both residing with him. He was known to have treated the nephew with great severity, and many could testify to hard words having passed between them. What tended still more to fasten the guilt upon the nephew, was the fact that the bludgeon with which the murder was supposed to have been committed, and which was found in the chamber, belonged to him, and was always used by him when he walked out of an evening. Young Barnes was known, also, to possess a most furious temper, and was suspected of dissipated habits.

It was true there was nothing but circumstantial evidence in the case, no one had seen young Barnes strike his uncle—no one had even seen him enter his chamber. Might not some one have entered the house with intent to rob, and committed the deed? It was not probable. The chamber was up one flight of stairs; nothing in the chamber had been disturbed; no valuables were missing, no money had been taken. It was most true the case looked very dark for the nephew, and the only gleam of light I saw in it, the only thing I had on which to hang a hope of ultimately making out the case, was the positiveness of the sister as to her brother's innocence. It inspired me with like confidence, leading me at the same time to think that perhaps she knew more about it than she had yet told.

Maria Barnes was a girl of more than ordinary powers of mind. She was strikingly handsome, and her presence inspired respect. Her statements which she had made to me, were remarkably clear and concise so far as they went; but I said before, a certain something in her manner led me to think she had not told me all. In conference with me she was usually calm, betraying but little feminine weakness; of her brother's innocence, she always spoke with warmth.

"O, sir, he is innocent; I am as sure of it as of my own life."

"But," said I, "that is not enough, we must be able to prove it and the matter so far as I have heard, looks very dark for us. The cane found was his?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And he had many differences with his uncle?"

"It is alas! too true."

"Now what have we to counteract this evidence?"

"But, sir, no one saw him do this, he surely cannot be convicted on such light things as the finding of this cane? I saw him enter his chamber at ten o'clock, and at that time his uncle was alive and well."

"But can you prove that he did not leave his chamber till morning?"

"I cannot prove it," said she, "yet I know he did not."

"How came the cane in your uncle's room?"

"O, sir, it might have got there in many ways. My uncle might have taken it with him when he went up stairs; he was lame at times, and I have often seen him take a cane to help himself up stairs."

"But these suppositions, my dear young lady, are good for nothing in a court; have you nothing else?"

An expression of the deepest anguish, almost despair, passed over her face.

"Are you aware," said I, "that the opposing lawyer is one of the most able and successful members of the bar? And even had we stronger evidence of your brother's innocence, he has such tact in cross-questioning and browbeating the witnesses, and of making his own case bright to the jury, that we might well despair."

"I know," said she, "and all my hope is in that Power that will not desert the innocent." And she raised her beautiful eyes, dim with tears, to heaven.

Inwardly feeling convinced of the poor boy's innocence, although how I was to prove it was more than I could tell. However, assuring Maria that I would do all I could, I proceeded to prosecute my inquiries still further. I went to visit young Barnes to ascertain if I could not draw from him any information. I found him sitting with his head buried in his hands. On my entrance he lifted up his head, he looked pale and worn. He was of pleasant countenance, rather prepossessing than otherwise; certainly there was nothing about him to warrant the suspicion that he could commit the crime of which he was charged. He was intelligent and clear in his account of himself. He had quarrelled with his uncle more than once, it is true, for he was very penurious, and kept from him money which was rightly his own; and that very night he had left him in anger. He was out in the evening; he returned about ten o'clock, and was going up stairs to his bed, when he met his sister on the stairs; he spoke to her; she turned and went into her chamber, he went up to his, and he did not come down till he was called in the morning and told his uncle was dead.

"But how came your cane in your uncle's chamber?"

"I don't know. I left it in the hall, as is my custom when I come in."

"Could the servant have been accessory to this deed?"

"I think not, she has been in the family many years, and I have no reason to suspect her."

"Where did she sleep?"

"Up in the attic. She heard no disturbance."

"Where was your sleeping apartment?"

"Directly over my uncle's."

"Where did your sister sleep?"

"Directly across the hall from my uncle's chamber."

"What persons have been in the habit of visiting at your uncle's?"

"He had not many visitors, my uncle was close and stingy in his habits. I never asked my associates there. A sister of his sometimes came there; one Mr. Clark, a nephew of the husband, was also in the habit of visiting the house; two or three old gentlemen sometimes dropped in to play backgammon or whist with my uncle, and these are about all."

"And he was on good terms with all?"

"I know of nothing to the contrary."

"And you, also—they were also your friends?"

He colored a little.

"All except it is young Clark, who took quite a fancy to my sister. I knew him to be not a fit man for her to associate with, and told him so; he was terribly offended, and I don't think ever forgave me."

"Where is this Clark?"

"He left town last week; I don't know where he is."

"Where did he board?"

"At No. 12 Chestnut Street."

"What is his business?"

"He is book keeper with the firm of Roberts & Co., Canal Street."

I went to No. 12 Chestnut Street; Philip Clark was away, they knew not when he would be back. I went next to the firm of Roberts & Co.; Philip Clark had gone to New York on business for the firm, and would be back the next week; had then been gone more than a week. Was away it seems at the time of the murder, said I to myself.

The next day I called to see Maria, and while waiting for her to come to the parlor, I turned over the daguerreotypes on the table. Here was one of the uncle, and one I took to be his sister; also one of George the nephew and his sister Maria. A little papier mache box was on the table, and on opening it I saw a daguerreotype of a handsome young man. I fancied it might be Philip Clark's, and slipped it in my pocket. My interview with Maria was short, eliciting nothing new, and I did not inform her of my present intentions.

What was my next move? The murder was supposed to have been committed towards morning, so during the morning watch I stationed myself opposite the house. As I expected, presently the watchman came along. I found he was a man whom I knew well, having often seen him in court as evidence in petty cases; he also knew me.

"Were you on this beat the night of the 12th?"

"What, the night old Barnes was murdered?" I replied in the affirmative.

"Yes," said he.

"Did you see or hear anything out of the way?"

"Nothing in particular."

The man's tone did not satisfy me, it was not open and honest.

"Are you sure you recollect nothing? I am counsel for young Barnes, I think him innocent, shall prove him so if possible, and if you know anything about the case, it is for your interest to make it known."

The man stood irresolute, kicking his heel against the curbstone. I continued:

"I am convinced some one went into that house been the hours of twelve and six; I am convinced that the same person came out again, now can you hold up your hand and swear you saw no such person?"

Still he was silent, and I grew more and more convinced that I had found my man.

"Come," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "why don't you answer me?"

"I know nothing about it," said he sullenly.

"I am convinced you do," I replied, "and the law will oblige you to tell it. I shall call upon you at the trial; you might as well tell me all now, it will be better for you."

Suddenly, as if determined to make a clean breast, the man turned round and faced me.

"Well, that night, I was standing just in the shadow of that doorway, when I saw a man go into Barnes's house. Thinking it might be young Barnes, who sometimes keeps late hours, I didn't think much about it. You see that window up there," said he, pointing to the second story, "well, all at once a light flashed through the chamber, and while I stood looking, I saw on the curtain the shadow of a man's arm holding a heavy cane, and raised as if to strike. I was just thinking if I had not best raise an alarm, when the same man came out of the door, and I sprang forward and nabbed him. You see there is a gaslight right there, well, I held him under that and saw him plainly.

"'What have you been doing in there?' said I, giving him a rough shake.

"He tried to clear himself from my grasp, but was too strong for him.

"'Let me go,' said he, 'I will give you money; ten (I shook my head), twenty, fifty dollars.'

"'Tell me what you have been doing,' I said.

"'Nothing,' said he, 'only to visit a lady.'

"'Tis a lie,' said I, 'I saw your shadow through the window, and you had your arm raised as if to strike some one.'

"He turned pale as a sheet, I can tell you.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I'll tell you, I wanted some of the old fellow's money; while I was helping myself he stirred in bed and spoke. I just gave him a little tap to keep him quiet, that's all. Come, let me go and I'll share the profits with you.' And he thrust a bundle of bills into my hand, and I let him go."

"And he did not disturb the house?"

"No," said he.

"Did you know the man?" said I.

He hesitated. "Yes, I have seen him before."

"Should you know him again?"

"Yes."

"Look here," said I, leading him under the light, and showing him the miniature, which in an after interview with Barnes I had made sure was Clark's.

"That's the very fellow," said he. "You've got him, that's it."

"Do you know anything further?" said I.

"Well," said he, for once the ice broken he was very communicative, "after I had let him go, I watched him to the corner; when he had turned, I ran after him and saw him go into that cellar on the other corner."

"And no one knows of this?" said I.

"No one."

"No one has made any inquiries?"

"No."

"Well, keep yourself in readiness, you shall be summoned to appear as witness at the trial." So saying I left him.

The next day I took a friend with me and stepped into the place which the watchman said Clark had visited after leaving him. It was a drinking establishment, the owner of which greeted me very cordially. I asked him if he knew one Philip Clark. O, yes, he knew him.

"Had he seen him of late?"

"Yes."

"Could he tell when it was?"

He thought a moment. "I think I saw him last—yes, I am sure it was on Tuesday of last week; he came in here late at night, or rather early in the morning. He called for a glass of brandy and water; he was not well. Will you have something, sir?"

"Nothing," said I; "but are you positive as to the time?"

"Yes," said he, "I am. He also said he was going to New York in the early train."

"Please, then, bear your assertion in mind, and be ready to confirm it if called upon. And remember this gentlemen is here as witness of what you have said." And so saying I left him.

It was now Saturday. The trial came on the next week. Clark was expected home on Wednesday. I had not yet informed Maria of the new turn in affairs. I thought I ought to do so. Accordingly, on Monday I called to see her.

"I come," said I, "to inform you that the case looks better for your brother. I have got some new witnesses, whose evidence throws quite a new light on affairs."

I doubt not I spoke in quite a business-like, lawyer style—it was my habit. In all my cases I had never before had any business to transact with the ladies. And in all my inquiries about this Clark, it had never once occurred to me that Maria might be interested in him. But when I saw that she turned pale and red, and very anxious, all at once her brother's assertion flashed upon my mind, and with it my old suspicion that she knew more than she had told. However, I was obliged to go on and tell her the result of my inquiries. She listened with interest.

"You will make use of these witnesses?" said she.

"Ought I not?" inquired I.

"Yes," said she, slowly.

"I have no evidence save those of a hair's weight in your brother's favor. Do you object to Philip Clark's being implicated?"

It was a close question, and she did not answer directly; but sat in deep thought. After a while, with an expression as if her mind was made up as to her course, she said very slowly, without answering my question:

"It is right that the guilty should suffer. God will forgive me if for a short time I yielded to a woman's weakness. Mr. Stacy, use your evidence as you think best. I can assure you, if you need such assurance, that there is no doubt as to his guilt; if more evidence is necessary you shall have it."

"Miss Barnes," said I, "were it possible to save your brother without—"

"No, no," said she, "it cannot be done; no stain shall rest upon his name. The guilt must fall where it belongs."

The trial came. As I expected, Hinckley made out a strong case. There was the evidence of the servant, that the uncle and nephew had quarrelled that night; there was his cane found in his room; there was the knowledge that he was in the house all night; evidently no one had entered the house; there was no intent to rob; the accused was a person of strong passions, dissipated habits, and had been heard to say he hated his uncle.

The case was dark for him. I urged that had he been guilty he would most certainly have made his escape, as suspicion would be sure to fall upon him. He was seen to enter his room at ten o'clock; no one had seen him leave that room till morning. The cane might easily have been taken by that other person, who had committed the crime, as it stood in the hall. All this I found made no great impression, the feeling evidently was that Barnes was guilty.

When the court opened the next morning, Hinckley's face wore a look of triumph. I rose and addressed the court, saying that I had some new witnesses to bring forward, and I hoped yet to prove my client innocent. I then called William Brown, the watchman, to the stand. He came on and made his statements in substance the same as he had made to me: when he had finished, I saw that the side began to turn.

Hinckley cross-examined him and tried to pull his evidence to pieces, but he was not to be daunted. Hinckley had in some way heard of the turn I was to give affairs, and was prepared. He should prove, he said, that Clark was in New York at the time of the murder, and that the watchman was mistaken. So Clark's boarding-master, and Mr. Roberts, Clark's employer, came forward and testified that Clark went to New York the week before, and had not returned.

I then called for George Stephens to take his place in the stand. He testified that Clark came into his place on Wednesday morning, called for a glass of brandy and water, and said he was going to New York that day. Appeared excited and flurried.

Hinckley did not like my new witnesses, and in a sneering tone questioned their respectability: a watchman who had taken a bribe, and a keeper of a cellar who might easily be induced to do the same. I saw that his words had weight. Just at this moment a scrap of paper was handed me: "For your next witness call Miss Barnes." I did so. She came to the stand looking very pale, but perfectly self-possessed, and told her story in substance as follows:

On the night of the murder, as she was about to retire, she met her brother, who had just come in; they stopped in the hall and spoke to each other; he went to his room and she to hers. Her room was directly opposite her uncle's. Towards morning she heard a noise in her uncle's room. Thinking he might be unwell, she rose and opened the door, all was still. She was just closing it, when her uncle's door opened. She stood with her door just ajar, and saw a man come out of her uncle's room; the light from the chamber shone full upon his face—the man was Clark! She was surprised; she thought him in New York. He passed down stairs, and she heard the outer door close after him. As soon as she recovered from her astonishment, she went into her uncle's chamber, and found him dead. She alarmed the house; but made no mention of having seen Clark.

When she had finished, Hinckley remarked that it seemed strange that the young lady should be willing to see her brother accused of the crime, when she could so easily have pointed out the guilty one. I rose to make some reply, when Maria spoke:

"It may seem strange in the eyes of some; but as I recognize no right that the law has to require me to make known those reasons, I shall be excused if I keep them secret; especially as my making them known could not give or take away from the force of my evidence." Hinckley was silenced for a time.

Clark was expected to return to the city today; and I had taken the precaution to have an officer in readiness for him when he should arrive. The witnesses had now all been examined, and evidence summed up on both sides; the judge had given the charge to the jury; when my officer came in and said that Clark did not come on in the train. He had got wind of the affair, and made his escape. On some accounts I felt relieved. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. Barnes was acquitted. I had gained the case. I may as well say in this place, that not long afterwards we saw in the paper the death of Philip Clark. He died in Australia.

After this, young Barnes grew to be quite a favorite with me. The affair had been a benefit to him; he left his evil associates. He and his sister, having a small property, bought a house and lived together in a very snug, pretty way. Somehow I got into the habit of visiting them. I don't know when it was that I began to love Maria Barnes, or to think she might make a good wife. I may not tell how I managed my suit on this occasion. I had profited by experience, most certainly; and now found the court of love as propitious as courts of law. I got the case.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

To wash Muslin Dresses.

Delicate lawns and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the finest fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is well to know there is a method of cleaning the most delicate material and imparting to it the appearance of newness. Take about two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it half an hour in soft water. After it has cooled, strain it, and pour the liquid in the fresh water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran-water not only removes the dirt, and ensures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the gathers are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better, and will appear when prepared in this way as fresh as a new one.

Universal Liniment.

The following liniment is useful for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, unbroken chilblains, and insect bites. Take one raw egg, well beaten up, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Beat these ingredients well up together, then put them in a bottle, cork it, and shake them for ten minutes, or till they are thoroughly mixed. Then cork very tightly in order to exclude the air. For rheumatism in the head, rub the back of the head and behind the ears, and for other complaints the parts affected

Leaf Printing.

After warming the leaf between the hands, apply printing ink, by means of a small leather ball containing cotton, or some soft substance, or with the end of the finger. The leather ball (and the finger when used for that purpose), after the ink is applied to it, should be pressed several times on a piece of leather, or some smooth surface, before each application to the leaf, that the ink may be smoothly and evenly applied. After the under surface of the leaf has been sufficiently inked, apply it to the paper, where you wish the impression; and, after covering it with a slip of paper, use the hand or roller to press upon it, as described in the former process.

To ascertain the state of the Lungs.

Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumption the time does not exceed ten and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

To keep Mice out of Grain Stacks.

A correspondent in Buchan gives the following as an advice to farmers: "Mice," he says, "hate sulphur, and if farmers wish their stacks of grain saved from their destruction, they should, when stacking, sprinkle a little flour of sulphur on the sheaves. One or two ounces will keep a stack of grain clear of mice. This is done by many in this place, and found an effectual preventive."

Wearing Veils.

If ladies will wear veils, green gauze are the best; a white veil only increases the power of the sun's rays, and does not save the complexion; and the spotted veils so much worn, injure the sight, and are particularly dangerous for infants, who are better without any veil.

To cure Spasms.

Take a pennyworth of camphor, and infuse it in one pint of brandy. Let it stand forty-eight hours, and then it is fit for use. When the attack comes on, take one teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water.

To cure a Cold.

Take the juice of two lemons, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, simmer it half an hour, then add two tablespoonsful of paregoric. Teaspoonful three times a day.

Razor Paste.

Emery very finely levigated in the same manner as prepared chalk, mixed with lard or tallow.

To catch small Birds.

Steep hemp seed in rum or brandy for several days, and then place it in plates for them.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHAT I LOVE.

BY I. W. STANTON SANBORN.

I love the days of early spring,
Whose balmy air
Prompts the songsters of the wing
To tune their lyre.

I love to roam o'er verdant meads,
And there behold
The lily's head peep 'mong the reeds
Adorned with gold.

I love the cool and downy night
In diamond dress;
Its scenes so beauteous and bright
Our sights to bless.

I love the language of the flowers;
Their tones of love,
Speaking sweetly mid the bowers
Of summer's grove.

I love Dame Nature's just creation,
Above, below;
The sea, the sky, earth's plantation,
In native glow.

FALL OF NATIONS

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past;
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, Vice, Corruption—Barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.—BYRON.

RICHES.

Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues,
That canst do nought, yet makest men do all things,
The price of souls! even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven! Thou art virtue, fame,
Honor, and all things else; who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.—BEN JONSON.

HAPPINESS.

They live too long who happiness outlive;
For life and death are things indifferent;
Each to be chose, as either brings control.—DRYDEN.

Domestic Story Department.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BUTTERFLY LOVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE was not a single inch of uncultivated ground in the pretty enclosure forming the surroundings of Hampton House, in the large and flourishing seaport town of Belmont. The house itself acquired its title from a whim of the first owner; and having always been distinguished in the neighborhood by that name, Mr. Littleton, who bought the estate when the death of the last occupant brought it into the market, could not prevent its being still known as Hampton House.

A plain, simple, unostentatious man was Mr. Littleton, with a strong love of home and retirement, and attachment to friends and neighbors, and a devotion to his family, almost unequalled. To form a pleasant retreat for his wife and children, to draw into its magic circle all that could elevate the mind or give strength to the affections, was his main desire; and when at the age of fourteen, my father died and left me to the care of Mr. Littleton, it was with a large and expansive affection—whole souled and sincere—that he bade the orphan welcome to his home and his heart.

From the day in which I was carried, a pale, weeping child, dressed in mourning weeds, to Hampton House, he had called me his daughter; and as he kissed the tears from my cheek, he promised that he and his family should make up as far as possible for the heavy loss that I had endured.

My mother I had never known. She died that I might live, and henceforth my life was bound up in the sole friend to whom I also was all in all. The tie between my father and myself was all too strong for this world. God will not permit idols; and such we were to each other. With gentle, but unsparing hand, He severed the bond, and threw the weakest of the two upon the cold mercies of the world.

In this dependent state, no one could so fully fill my father's place to me as Mr. Littleton. He was his own dearest and most valued friend; was sufficiently conversant with business to superintend and make the best of the moderate fortune which was to support me, and above all, was ready to transfer his affection for the father to the child. Of Mrs. Littleton, there is little to say. She was often an invalid, and loved best to sit in some quiet corner, in her easy chair, with a paper or magazine before her, a cup of chocolate and a biscuit, and a bunch of pale flowers—violets or lilies—in a glass on her little enamelled table. To this fragile and undemonstrative woman, had been born two boys, each with a character different and distinct from the parents. In difficult and dangerous sports, in active and unwearied exercise, they passed almost the whole time that was not absolutely required for their studies. Percy Littleton was a year older than myself, and Howard was nearly three years my senior; but I was already able to compete with them in learning, and we pursued the same studies together.

As a return to them for joining me in some of the lighter studies, music and drawing, with the French language, in which I was a proficient, I attempted to accompany them in their Latin, Greek, and the severer lessons to which they were subjected. As I had never, in my life, been under any feminine control or teaching, it seemed quite natural that I should be independent of it now, and I rode, walked, sailed, and even fished and hunted with my adopted brothers, without the slightest idea that I was unfitting myself for the society of young lady-ism.

Mr. Littleton encouraged all this, glad to see us happy and healthful, for the wild rambles and the horseback exercise brought abundant roses to my hitherto pale and sallow cheek, and Mrs. Littleton was too inert to make any opposition to what was so agreeable to us all.

She never petted her boys—they did all that for her. She won their affection and anxiety, such as children usually win from mothers; but they seemed to get along without any such attentions. One good result was the strengthening of their own characters, thus left to themselves without all that tender watch and ward which maternity loves to keep. Nor could I flatter myself that I did much towards softening their manners. Instead of that I only fell into their stronger ways; and found myself quite unable to compete with the sentimental young ladies whom I sometimes met at Mr. Littleton's.

Of this sort was Bessie Maitland; a plump, rosy-cheeked damsel, who looked quite likely to live to a good old age, but who was perpetually talking of dying early of a broken heart. She would sit by Mrs. Littleton's chair for hours, with the greatest appearance of sympathy with that lady's ill health or low spirits, and by night Mrs. Littleton would fancy herself in a quick consumption, and alarm the whole house by nervous fancies.

"I wish Miss Maitland would keep away from mother," said Howard, "she infects her with fears and terrors every time she comes."

"She likes you, Howard;" said Percy, "and she thinks by humoring mama's low spirits, she shall fall right into your heart! a sort of squatter sovereignty into what she calls perhaps rich, but uncultivated land."

Howard's cheek flushed. "It will not take me long to eject her from thence, if she does intend it,' he said proudly.

In truth Howard Littleton had nothing in common with the sighing, sentimental Bessie. He was a noble fellow—frank, open, free as the winds; high-spirited and strong-minded, without a spark of nonsense about him; not stern, but very firm, and consulting his head at least twice as often as he did his heart, which, however, always beat in the right place, and tenderly enough too. He was very handsome, too; a trait which not only Bessie Maitland, but myself, Alice Villars, his adopted sister, very plainly saw and appreciated. It was scarcely any exaggeration to say that Howard Littleton, at twenty, was perfect. His eyes were large, full, and of the deepest brown; his hair abundant and wavy, worn with a careless grace that revealed its beauty in the unshorn state in which he liked best to have it; a figure tall and slight, yet strong and hardy; a face where the passing emotion showed itself as in a mirror; and manners which, if not soft and pliable enough for the taste of Bessie Maitland, were yet manly and easy.

Percy was less dignified, less imposing in his figure, and perhaps a thought more tender than his brother. One might have taken Percy for a companion, he was so bright, so joyous and spirited; but if a protector was needed, Howard would have been the one to flee to.

"Howard, my dear," said Mrs. Littleton, one day to her son, when he was fondly smoothing her really beautiful hair, which lay in large, wavy bands across her smooth white forehead, "how I should like to have you begin to think of giving me a daughter."

"Indeed! I would sooner give you any other luxury, mother. It would be hard work for me to conjure up such a present."

"Not when the material is so near at hand?"

"I do not know your meaning, mother; like the girl in the song, 'I'm ower young to marry yet,' and I'm sure that no girl of sense would listen to me for a moment. So, pray, dearest mother, put all such things out of your mind, and instead of a daughter, let me go down to White's greenhouse, and get you the prettiest bouquet he can make up for you. You shall sit here like a queen, and I will weave the flowers in this beautiful hair."

"No, no, flatterer! you shall not put me off thus. You are almost twenty-one, firmly fixed in your father's business, and we want a new companion here—goodness, Howard, I am out of breath—say yes, that is a good soul, and not vex your mother."

She persisted, until he demanded, as she intended he should, who was the special object of her desires, with regard to his doing anything so weak and foolish?

"Who? how can you ask, when there is such a sweet, interesting girl thrown into your presence every day?"

Howard and I looked comically at each other. But both thought that she must mean me; but as nobody had ever called me sweet or interesting before, it was difficult to believe. Had she said "hoyden," or "high-flyer," I could have appropriated the compliment; but sweet and interesting was just the thing that I was not.

Percy clapped his hands in glee, at the sight of our faces. "I know, I know who mother means. It is Bessie Maitland!"

"Now, mother," said Howard, "I am not pleased with you when you talk thus. Tell me what was in the new book which I brought you?"

Unfortunately for Howard's self-possession, Bessie Maitland came running in at that moment to have a chat with "mama," as she called Mrs. Littleton. She stopped short on seeing us all together, and assumed a sentimental look. Percy loved to banter her, and he stayed for that purpose, but Howard, whispering to me to follow him to the hill above the house, left the room, with a polite bow to Miss Maitland.

I soon followed him, and found him half-laughing, half-vexed at his mother's pertinacity. Contrary to his express desire, Mrs. Littleton often renewed the subject, and each time urging it more strongly. Bessie's life—at least her health was in jeopardy, she said.

"Then don't recommend her to me, mother," he would say. "I am sure that I could never be happy to have any one so weak as to fall in love with me without my seeking—certainly not if she made a confidant of my mother."

Whether it was the disappointment, or the constant wear of Bessie's low spirits, I do not know, but Mrs. Littleton's health failed all at once, and she was taken to her bed, never to rise from it again. Unlike our expectations, she declined rapidly, and in less than a week, we were called around her dying bed. She would have Bessie sent for, and Howard, unwilling to disturb her last moments, allowed Percy to go for her. Mrs. Littleton once attempted to join Bessie's hand with that of her son; but he evaded the clasp which hers was so ready to give.

Mrs. Littleton lay for several hours in a deep stupor after this. We watched around her bed, tearlessly indeed, but not without feeling. We should miss the fragile figure sitting by the bay window, with the little stand always before it, to which every one brought some fragrant offering, or some tempting fruit. Her husband, too, who was on one of his distant tours from home on business, and whom it would be impossible to find, would miss the placid being, who, if inactive and quiet as a statue, was still dear as ever to his heart—his first and only love. We looked forward with sad thoughts to his coming home and finding her corner desolate.

"How dark it is!" said some one in the room. It had been only a moment before, that the sun was shining brightly, as we could see through the passage-way between Mrs. Littleton's chamber and mine where the windows were wide open.

A heavy sound of thunder was heard, and soon the room was lighted up with the red lightning notwithstanding the heavy curtains we had drawn before the windows. The whirlwind was abroad in its wrath; and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. I, who had never seen approaching death before, was shocked and terrified, not so much at the storm, frightful as it was, but at the strangeness of that dying bed. The servants too, came into the room, pale and ghastly as the dying woman on the bed, who alone seemed not to heed it.

Howard sat close to his mother, wiping the damps that gathered on her pale forehead. Percy on the other side, and Bessie sat upon the bed, gazing alternately at mother and son. I was watching the changes upon the face of the dying, and wondering if thought was busy beneath those closed lids.

The red blaze of the lightning passed over the face, leaving it ghastlier than before. We were obliged to open the windows, too, to give her air, and then the effect was terrible. The faces of all present caught the red glow, making them look for the moment like demons.

Whether from the effect of the lightning, or from any other cause, I know not; but while the storm raged loudest, Mrs. Littleton ceased to breathe. It was so gentle a departure that it left no wild and stormy grief behind, except in Bessie. She made some demonstrations that approached hysterics, but as no one noticed her, she gradually subsided.

As a dreadful clap of thunder shook the house I exclaimed, "O, that father were here!" My wish was gratified, for, in the very extremity of the storm he drove up to the house. I met him at the door and drew him aside. He received the communication I had to make with silent grief, far more expressive than words. She was his wife—the mother of his children—his heart's first and only love; and if her character did not always fill his mind, her affection did his heart; and he mourned her with true sorrow I do believe. He went into the room where she lay, and the placid features seemed scarcely less quiet than he had seen them in life. How far his grief would have been indulged, I could not have an opportunity of judging; for on seeing him, Bessie Maitland burst into another agony, which if real, was certainly dangerous to her life and reason. Pained and indignant, Howard looked as if she might well have suppressed it in the presence of his father's sorrow. He went out of the room, and stood with the storm battling in its fury at the open door.

I said, "Miss Maitland, if you please, we will leave Mr. Littleton and his sons alone, as I know it would be their wish."

I opened the door that led to the back part of the house, and stood evidently waiting for her. She was reluctant to come, and when she did it was with a bitter look at me.

"It would be Mrs. Littleton's wish that I should stay and comfort them."

"True," I answered, "if they wished it, but they do not appear to wish any society just now, and it is best every way to leave them to themselves."

"I see how it is, Miss Villars. You wish to supplant me with Howard. Long years ago I should have been his wife, but for your perfidious influence."

The sight which I had had of death in the other room, had killed out all resentment in my heart towards any one; so that I bore her taunts with a fortitude at which I myself wondered. I pitied her even—for I thought how strong and overwhelming must be the passion that could make a woman thus forget herself, and sue for the love she had never been asked to accept.

I made her literally no reply; but conducted her into the little room with the bay-window, where Mrs. Littleton had talked over her schemes for Howard's marriage; and there I left her still weeping as much I thought with vexation as with grief. I turned back to where Howard was still standing at the door, and begged him to go to his father.

"Not while Bessie is there," he answered.

I had not time to say that she was gone, when a flash came that for the moment blinded me. I fell, but instantly recovered myself. I looked at Howard, and the strangeness of his look terrified me more than the lightning. His hands were put out feebly before him like one in the dark, and his whole frame seemed suddenly stricken from the lofty height that it had borne the moment before.

"Howard," I said, "speak to me. Are you ill—are you hurt? Let me speak to your father and Percy."

"No, Alice, give me your hand, and I will go to my mother's room."

"Bessie is there now."

"Never mind her now; I will go in and lie down on the couch. O, Alice, how can I tell you?"

What could he mean? I had not the slightest thought, except that he might be stunned or lamed by the lightning; but I supported him as he wished, and led him to the couch in the little room. Still holding my hand, he made me sit down beside him. I had no thought then of Bessie. I cared not for her jealousy or her taunts then. Howard, my brother, was ill and fainting and I seized the water pitcher that stood by, and pouring out a glass held it to his lips.

"Put your ear down close to me, Alice;" he, said, when he had taken the water. I did so, and he uttered three words that made my blood stand still in my veins.

"No, not that, Howard; do not say that again."

"It is true, Alice. You must believe me."

I am not used to fainting. It is a merciful thing to faint sometimes. I, on the contrary, preserve all my senses and feel the full agony of whatever comes to me. Mrs. Littleton's death was the first I had witnessed since my father's. The storm had had its effect upon my nerves, making me turn sick and cold; and I was in no condition to bear more. But I did bear it, and forgot myself in the trouble of another. Howard was BLIND! The lightning under which I had fallen to the ground, had destroyed his sight forever!

I summoned Percy to break the news to his father; and Percy himself was almost frantic. Bessie had gone out, no one knew when; but we found her again by the side of Mrs. Littleton's bed. She went home when the storm ceased, and came no more. The lightning that destroyed Howard's sight had carried away her love too.

There were a few days of confusion and bustle, such as cannot be avoided even in a quiet house like ours, when sickness and death come to it; and then we settled down to calm life again. The figure in the bay-window was replaced by another for many hours in the day. At other times it was treading the familiar walks in the garden, or playing on the piano—how thankful were we all that Howard had learned to play! It was very touching to see him—he bore it so patiently. Such a privation too, as it was, for one who had been so active!

It put a new character into Percy. He was so gentle now—so fearful of hurting Howard's feelings, that until Howard begged him to tell him what he had seen and enjoyed through the day, while absent, he would not speak of his enjoyment because his brother could enjoy it no longer.

Bessie was heard to say that the match was desired by the family, but that she could not think of marrying a blind man! My noble Howard! how unworthy was this girl of your heart!

Only this morning I brought in a whole armful of roses, and sat by his side while I arranged them. (It is just a year since he was stricken with blindness, and now he can distinguish every variety of rose, and will arrange them even better than I can.) So he helped me with his tasteful hand, and I loaded the little stand with vases full of this, his favorite flower.

"Alice," he said, as a shade came over his usually cheerful face, "do you know why I regret this blindness?"

"Of course, I do," I answered, lightly. "It would be strange if you did not. But you are very patient and cheerful under it."

"That is because you lighten my trouble so much. But, by-and-by, some one will take my gentle nurse away from me, and my life will be very dark then, Alice."

"No, I shall always stay with you, Howard. What would your father and Percy do without their housekeeper? But tell me why you regret it so much on one account more than others?"

"Because, Alice, had it not been for this sad misfortune, I should have asked you to go through life with me in a nearer relation than sister."

"Ask me now, Howard!"

And he did ask me; and methinks the roses were never so beautiful—the sky so blue, and all nature so lovely as on this day, when I have promised to stay with him forever.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Say, where are the roses gone
We plucked in summer's morning,
With gay wreaths, mid mirth and song,
Youths and maids adorning!
Maiden! summer fades away,
And its roses must decay.—JACOBI.

Culture of Roses in Pots.

This has become so fashionable that it is necessary to give a few useful hints. When plants begin to shoot, only allow the strong buds to grow, pinch off the others—nothing is worse than to have the bush crowded with either buds or leaves. Examine the leaves very often for enemies: maggots, which conceal themselves in the leaves, and in an incredibly short time eat into the buds, are the worst and most dangerous enemies. There is no remedy for them but finding them and killing them. The soil in which to put roses should be two-thirds loam from rotted peat, and one-third old hot-bed soil.

Correa.

Dwarf green-house shrubs. All the species and varieties flower abundantly, producing in a green-house a constant succession of flowers from November to June. The pots should be well drained, the soil heath-mould mixed with a little loam at the same time. They require a compost of loam and peat in equal quantities, stopping while young, and shifting from a sized pot to another, as they fill with roots. They may be trimmed into neatly shaped shrubs; if neglected, they grow too tall to be handsome.

Study of Botany.

Botany opens a wide field for study and investigation, especially as it relates to that part of the vegetable kingdom coming within the limits of garden and field culture. Every plant has its specific history concerning its nature, habits, uses, best modes of production and preservation. These are all treated of by the botanist, and to become acquainted with them, works must be read on these subjects. It is a very delightful and useful study for all.

Adlumia—Fumaria.

A kind of climbing biennial, with pinkish flowers. It is a native of North America, and will grow in any common garden soil. The seeds should be sown in the fall, and the young plants kept in a green-house or frame for planting out in the spring. Thus treated and trained to a trellis or wire frame, they will begin to flower in June, and will continue producing abundance of flowers during the whole summer.

Billbergia.

There are several varieties of this plant, each pretty, with spikes of two-colored flowers. One species bears a light-greenish bloom with blue tips, another blue and red, a third scarlet and yellow, and the fourth bears very rich crimson flowers. This plant increases from offsets freely, and may be taken off once a year.

Aphelandra.

There are two of this family, *cristata* and *aurantiaca* both sub-shrubs, the growing three feet high, and one bearing a spike of scarlet tubular flowers in August, and the other growing two feet high, and blooming orange-colored blossoms.

Jester's Picnic.

SCRAPS FROM A NEW DICTIONARY.

Husband—A person who writes checks, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck, in ornithology—A trussed bridegroom, with his gibbet under his arm.

Bee—A domestic endearment for a husband.

Marriage—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman—One alternative of a lover.

Father—The other alternative.

Honeymoon—A wife's opportunity.

Horrible; Hideous—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face anywhere but in the looking-glass.

Love; Dear—Expressions of delight at anything, from a baby to a barrel-organ.

Appetite—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen that it may not exist during dinner.

Ankle—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Face—What any lady remarks in a watch, but what no detect in the gross.

A lady inquired at one of our dry goods stores the other day for whalebones. The gentleman in attendance produced bundle after bundle, as the fair customer successively rejected the article submitted for her inspection. The whalebone was all too short by several feet, for the purpose desired. But the clerk, not to be outdone, made another search through the store, in hope of discovering an article of the required longitude. He was unsuccessful and "broke" his chagrin to the lady in a polite speech to the effect, "that the extraordinary expansion of the ladies causing so great a demand for long whalebone that all the big whales had been killed and used up and there were none but little ones now in the ocean—but, madame, they'll grow!"

Profitable opportunities occur to those who put themselves in the way to meet them. But the Scotch add a rider to their proverb, which points to another view of the matter: the full form runs thus, "A gangin' fit is aye gettin'—an it be only a thorn."

"Look here," said Jimmy Wood, of Gloucester, accosting his cashier one morning as he entered the bank, "before you were out of bed I made half-a-crown by changing a ten-pound note for a traveller by the early coach." The cashier examined the note, and said: "It is a forgery."

We read in an old Boston paper the annexed anecdote. The names of the parties we give:

"At the commencement of the present term of the Boston Court of Common Pleas, an eminent wine merchant (Thos. Dennie, Esq.), who had been summoned to attend as a juryman, did not make his appearance in time to be empannelled. The Hon. Judge (Hon. Harrison Gray Otis), with his usual urbanity of manner, reproved the juryman for his tardiness, and said he should be obliged to *fine* him a pipe of Madeira.

"'I've one already *fined* at your honor's service,' said the wine merchant."

Kirby, the clown, when engaged at the Surrey theatre, played occasionally in the regular drama. On one occasion it was his lot to have the pieces for the ensuing week's performance to give out, and one of his brother actors dared him to burlesque it. He offered to bet him a wager, which Kirby accepted. The pieces over, he went forward to give out "The Invisible Witness, or the Chapel in the Wood" as follows:

"On Monday evening will be presented 'The Miserable Wetnurse, or the Chapel in the Mud.'"

He was fined a guinea.

Spiller, being at rehearsal on a Saturday morning, the time when actors are usually paid (when not on half salaries), was asking another whether Mr. Wood, the treasurer, had anything to say that morning.

"No," was the answer, "King Henry has not walked forth, and I am afraid there's *no cole*," (a cant term for money.)

"Well," said Spiller, "if there's no cole, I am afraid we must burn Wood."

The Abbe de Voisenon was one day in company with Racine the younger at the house of Voltaire, who was reading to them his tragedy of Alzire. Racine, thinking he recognized one of his own verses, kept repeating between his teeth:

"That verse is mine."

The Abbe, growing impatient at this continued murmur, went up to Voltaire and said:

"Give him his verse and let him go!"

A friend of ours, going home with his wife, from the theatre, the other night, was urged by his said wife to quicken his pace, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, and the probability that little Bessy was kicking up a muss at home.

"I never walk past a certain gait," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the rib, "whose gate is it?"

To be treated by one's wife that way—isn't it horrible?

In a strolling company they found it impossible to muster more than one soldier for Pizarro. Rolla had not been apprized of this, and just as he was about commencing his invocation to war, stopped short, but instantly with admirable presence of mind, proceeded thus:

"*What! all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate, partner of my toils,*" etc.

When Incledon once came on as Macbeth in the last scene of the Beggars' Opera, it happened that the prisoners whose duty it was to call out a reprieve for the distressed captain were absent; Incledon, finding this, exclaims loudly to the visitors behind the scenes:

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, call out a reprieve, or I shall certainly be hung."

Garrick was once dining in company with a few friends, when a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was, as customary, brought on the table. Garrick asked the host where he should cut it.

"Anywhere you like," was the answer; upon which G. handed it to the servant, and desired him to carry it to his house, observing:

"Then with your permission I will cut it at home."

A lady suspected of Popery was brought before a justice, a rigid Puritan, who told her nothing could do away her suspicious conduct but calling the Pope a knave.

"I know nothing of his holiness," replied the lady; "but if I knew him as well as I do your worship, I could very readily call him knave."

In speaking of a learned sergeant who gave a confused and tedious explanation of some point of law, Curran observed that whenever the grave counsellor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, it put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling pin.

A minister once gave a reason for not exchanging with one of his profession which is worth reading.

"If a man better than I supply my place, my parishioners will thenceforth be discontented with me; but if my pulpit be supplied by a worse preacher than I am, verily he is not fit to preach at all."

A countryman stepped, lately, into a grocer's shop in a village in Ayrshire, and addressed his wife, who was inside of the counter:

"Can ye gie me anything, ma'am, to droon the smell o' whisky in my breath?"

"Oo, yes, sir," was her reply, "we can sell ye a glass o' gin."

An editor thus advertises his missing hat: The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning our own, and he shall receive our warmest thanks, and two apologies: an apology for the trouble we have given *him*, and the "apology for a hat" he left us.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster.

"He wanted to know, if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Cos, sir, he would forget how many are left."

Moore, in his diary, edited by Lord John Russell, says: "A very agreeable day. Some good Latin puns of Jekyl's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the saying of Horace—'*Nemo fuit repente turpissimus.*' In English, 'No one becomes suddenly *thoroughly base.*'"

It was Chapman, the Philadelphia surgeon, who rang the bell and said that good thing at the expense of Norton, the player on the trumpet, who with his back to the chimney, was spreading himself, covering the hearth to the exclusion of company: "waiter, take that "blower" from the fire."

At a representation of Macbeth at Birmingham, the person who attempted the hero was in such a state of inebriation that when Lady Macbeth asks,

"Was the hope drunk whereon you dressed yourself?" an auditor exclaimed, "Certainly it was, and still continues so."

An Irishman writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded a letter thus: "If iver it's me fortune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I lave Philamadelfy."